

LITTLE
AL
OF THE
FBI

No. 11 10c

APRIL-MAY

LITTLE AL OF THE FBI!



Flaming Drama
As Little Al Tackles
THE FIDDLER



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



IN THE EARLY 1930S A WAVE OF LAWLESSNESS SWEPT OVER THE NATION. BANK ROBBERY, KIDNAPING, MURDER AND MANY OTHER CRIMES OF VIOLENCE OCCURRED DAILY.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE REACHED FOR YOUR GAT, PUNK!

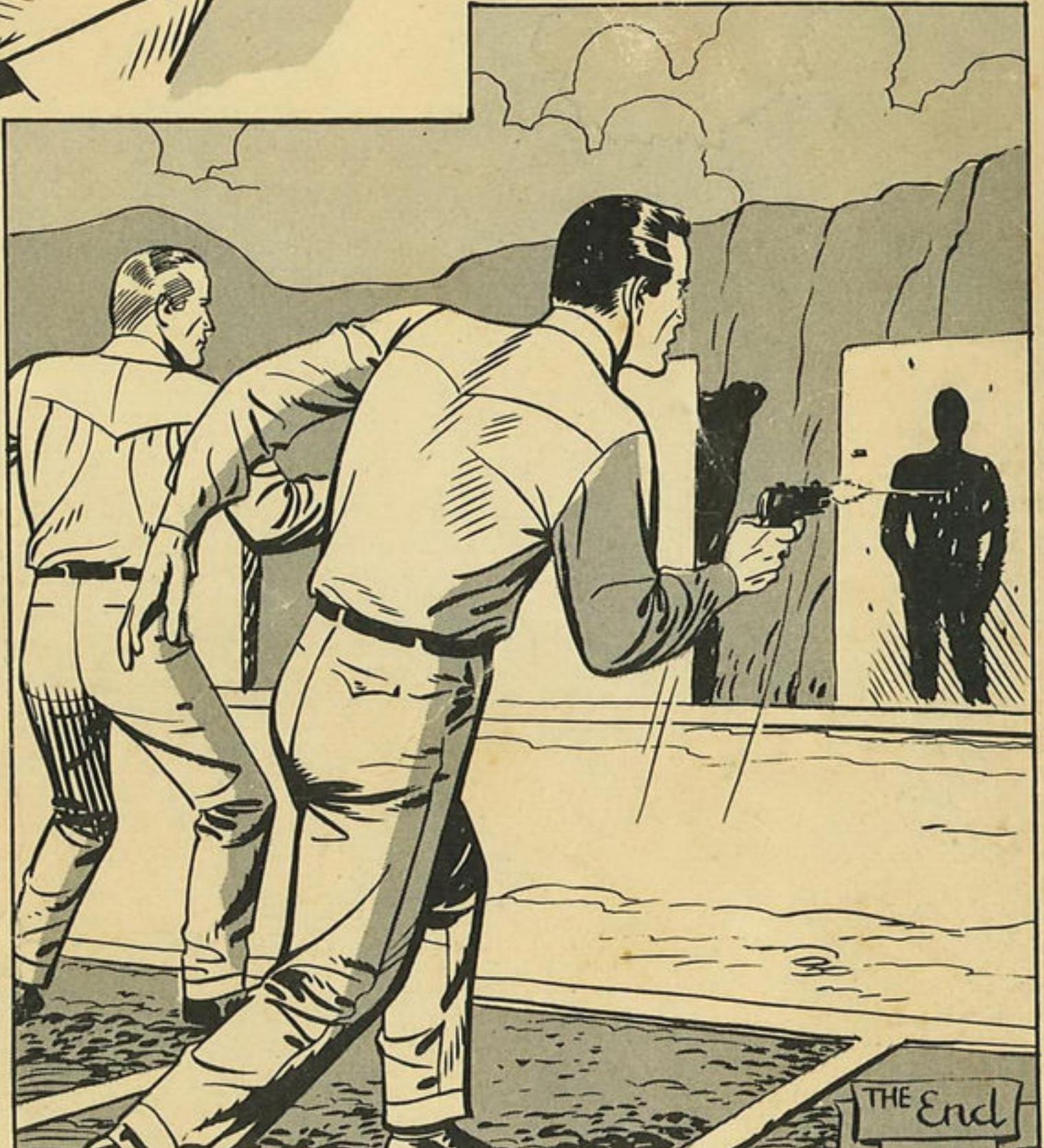
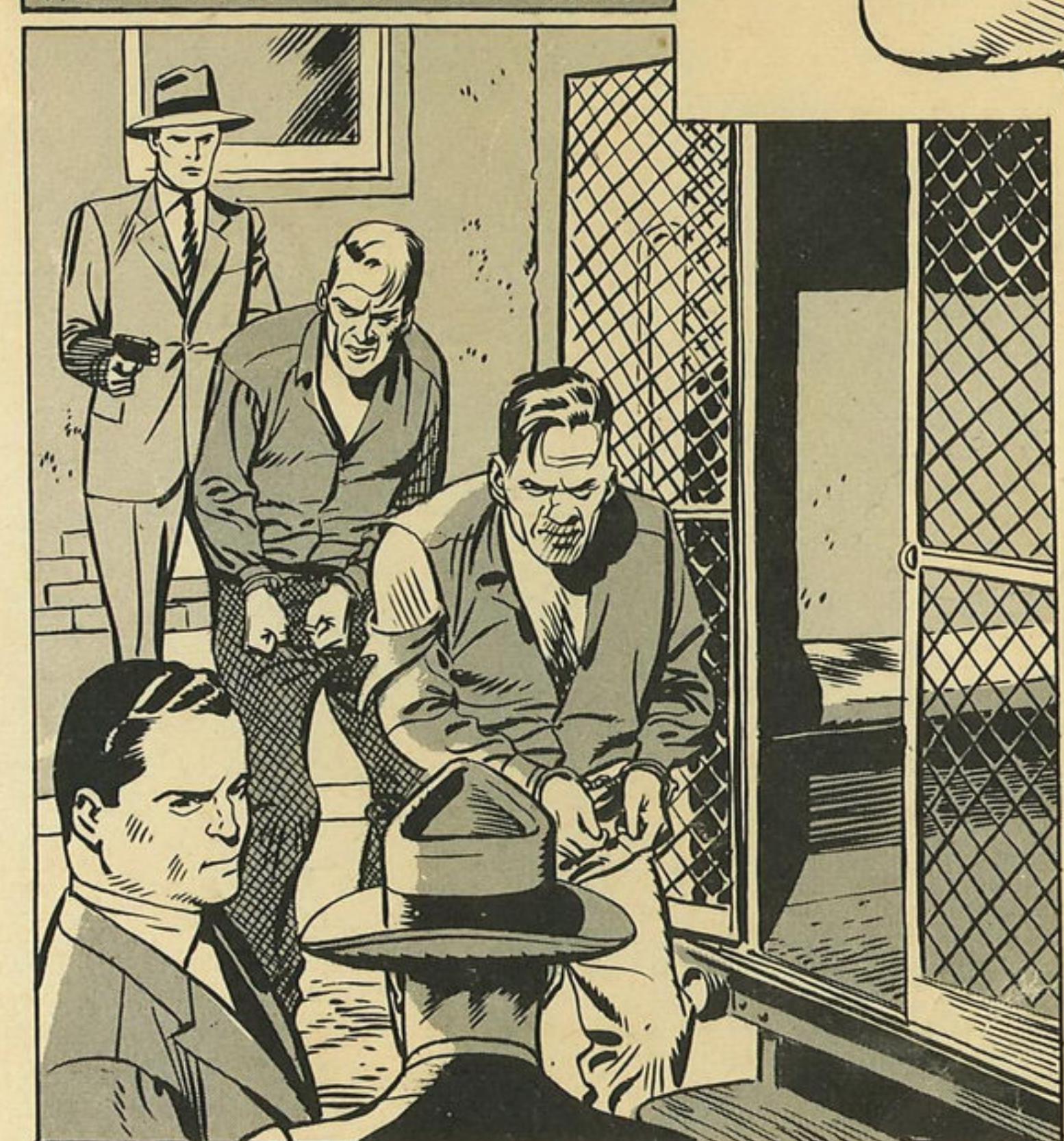
TO COMBAT THIS CRIME WAVE, J. EDGAR HOOVER ASKED FOR AND RECEIVED FROM CONGRESS AUTHORITY TO EXTEND HIS BUREAU'S ACTIVITIES TO COVER KIDNAPING, EXTORTION, BANK ROBBERIES, AND OTHER CRIMES.



THE FBI ENGAGED IN AN UNRELENTING WARFARE THAT LASTED UNTIL THE MOBSTERS WERE TAKEN PRISONER OR KILLED. IN THREE YEARS OF THE GANGSTER ERA, HOOVER'S G-MEN BROUGHT ABOUT THE CONVICTION OF 11,153 PERSONS FOR VIOLATIONS OF FEDERAL LAWS.



HOOVER SELECTS HIS AGENTS WITH CARE. THEY ARE ALL SUPERB SPECIMENS OF MANHOOD. THEY MUST BE GRADUATES OF RECOGNIZED LAW SCHOOLS OR COLLEGE. POLITICAL CONNECTIONS ARE OF NO VALUE TO AN ASPIRING G-MAN--HE IS SELECTED ON MERIT ALONE. AS LONG AS THE FBI IS IN OPERATION WE CAN BE ASSURED THAT CRIME IN THIS NATION WILL NOT GET OUT OF HAND.



THE End

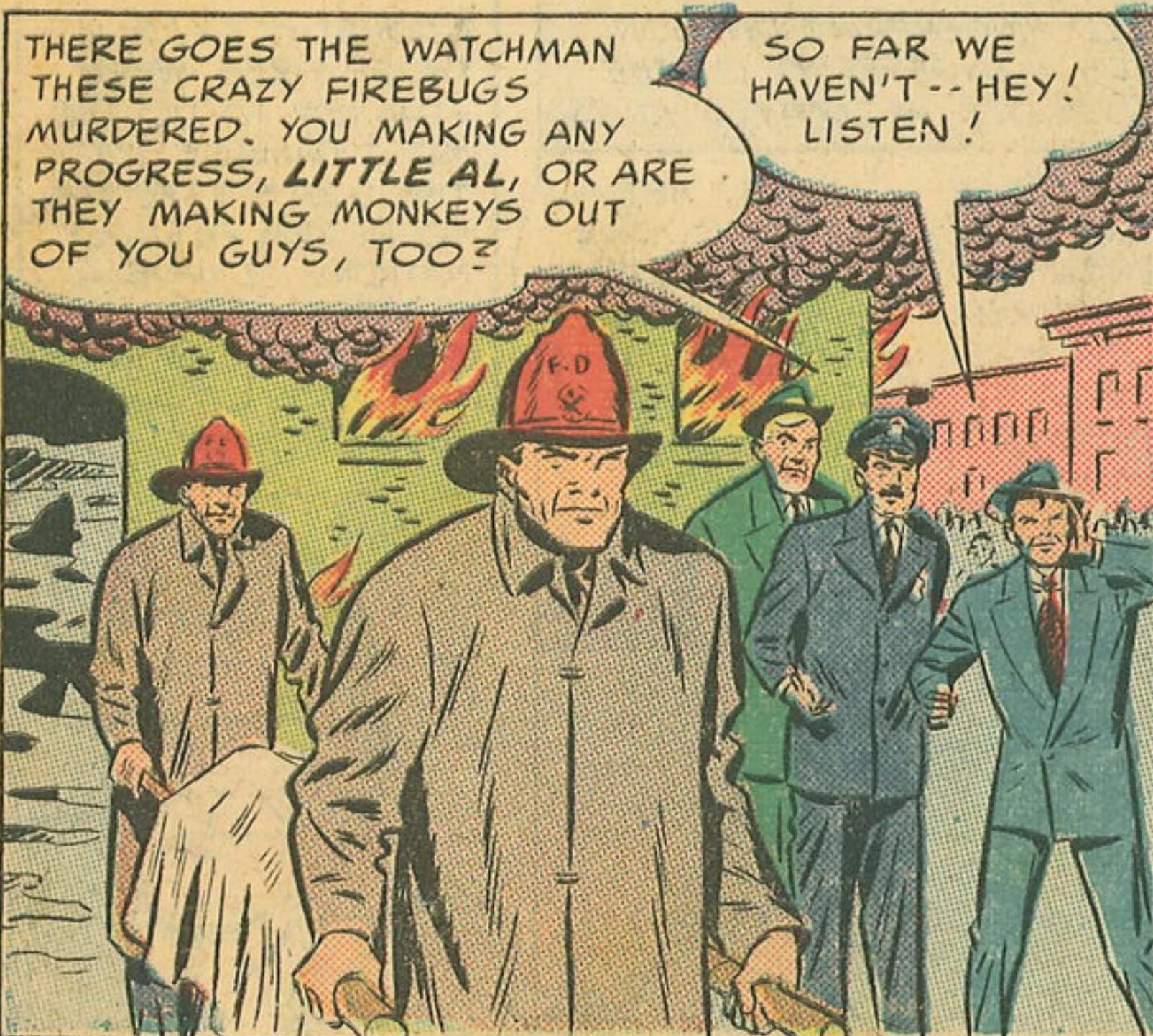
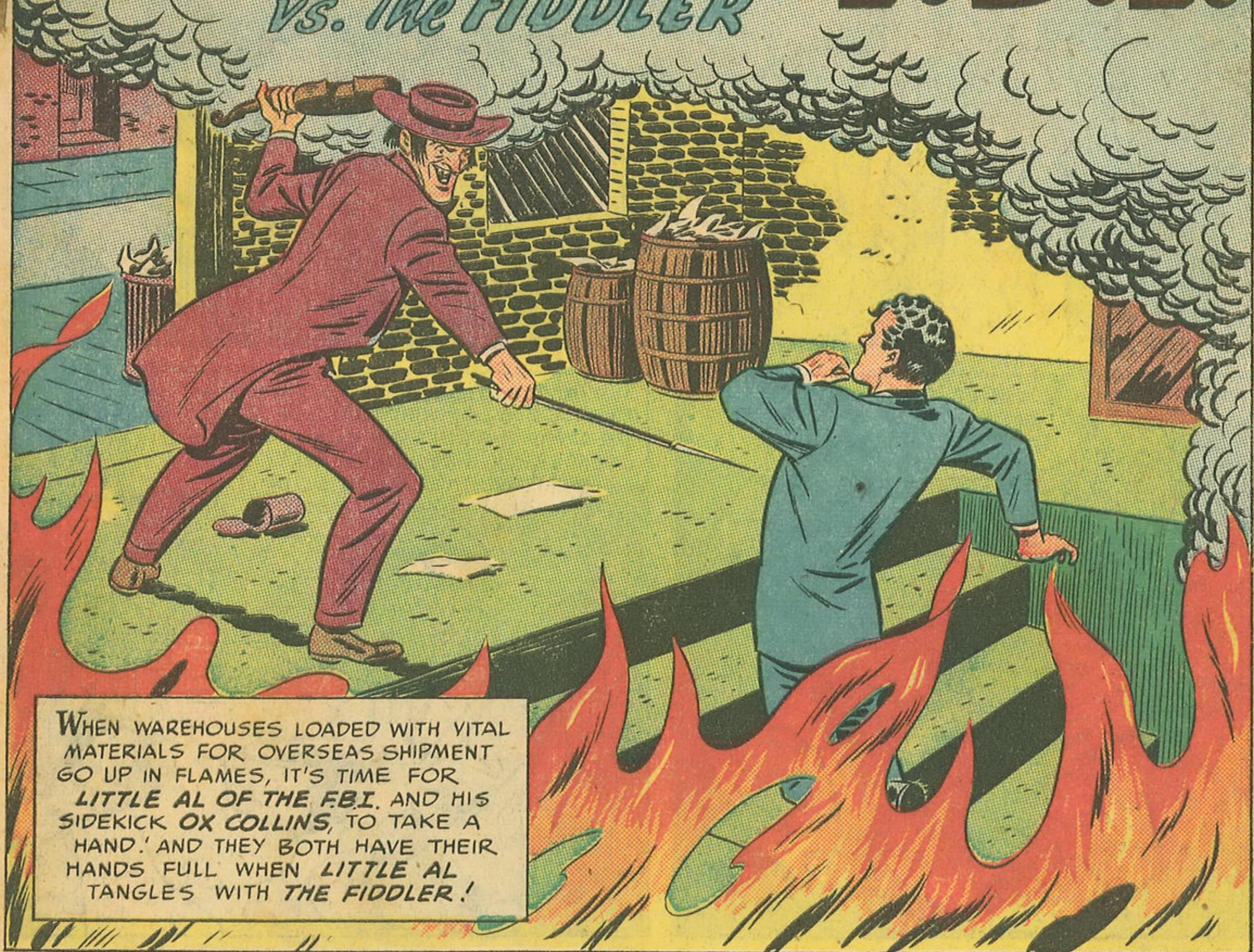
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LITTLE AL OF THE F.B.I., No. 11, APRIL-MAY, published bi-monthly, by Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. William B. Ziff, Chairman of the Board; B. G. Davis, President; Vice-Presidents—Michael H. Froelich, Director Eastern Division; H. J. Morganroth, Production Director; Lynn Phillips, Jr., Advertising Director; H. G. Strong, Circulation Director. A. T. Pullen, Secretary-Treasurer. Herman R. Bollin, Art Director. Executive and Editorial Office, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Jerry Siegel, Director Comics Division. Single copies 10c. Application for second class entry pending at Post Office, Chicago, Ill. Subscription rates: In the U. S., Canada, Mexico, South and Central America and U. S. Possessions, \$1.00 for 12 issues; in all other countries \$2.00 for 12 issues. All communications about subscriptions should be addressed to the Circulation Department, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. The Publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts or art work. Manuscripts or art work accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine and those of any living or dead person or institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Little Al of the F.B.I.

vs. "The FIDDLER"



YEAH, IT GETS YOU, DOESN'T IT? BUT IN A FEW MINUTES THE COPS'LL FIND THE FIDDLER'S HIDDEN RECORD PLAYER AND SHUT THE THING UP!

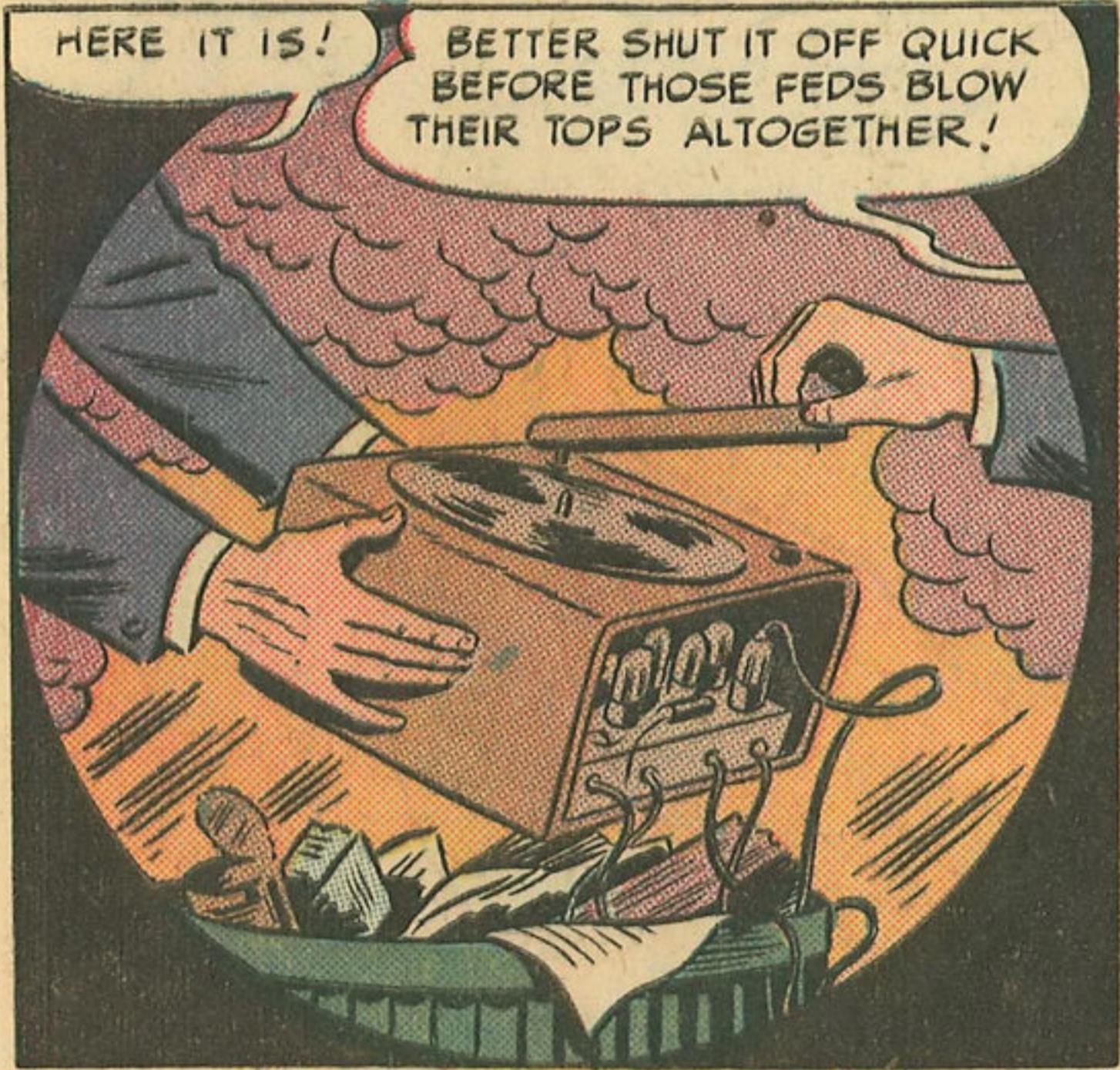


LISTEN TO THAT CHARACTER! WHILE HE PLAYS THAT SQUEAKY FIDDLE, HE SINGS HIS OWN WORDS TO THE TUNE OF "GLOW, LITTLE GLOWWORM," TAUNTING THE F.B.I.!



HERE IT IS!

BETTER SHUT IT OFF QUICK BEFORE THOSE FEDS BLOW THEIR TOPS ALTOGETHER!

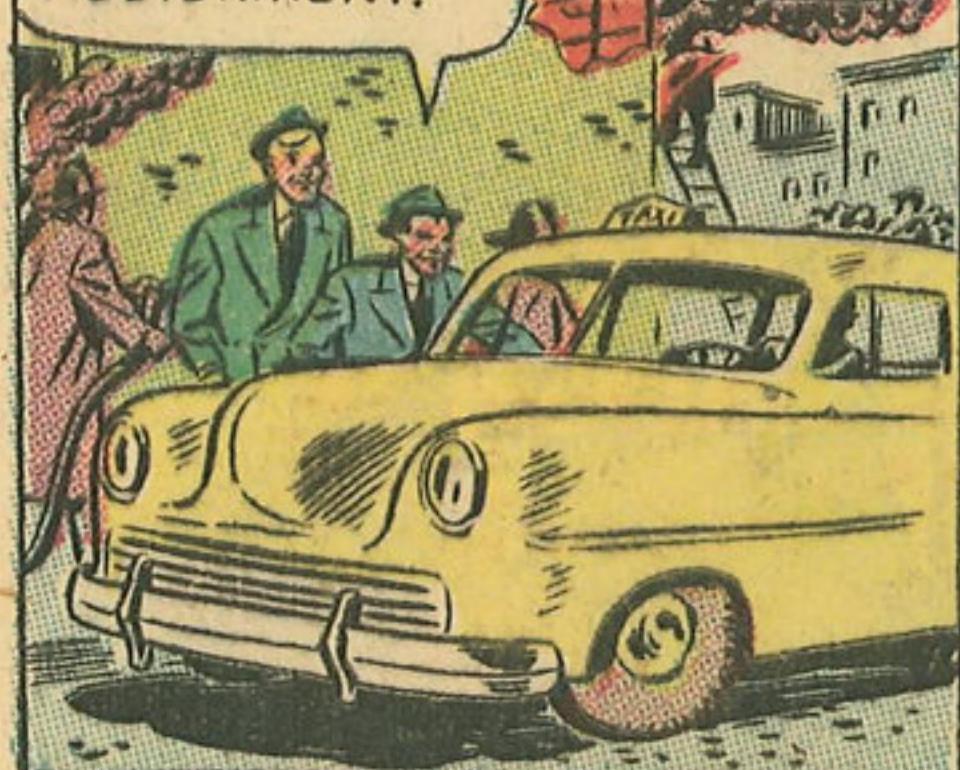


MAYBE THIS TIME WE'LL FIND A STRAY PRINT OR SOME KIND OF CLUE TO PUT US ON THE FIDDLER'S TRAIL. WE'LL GO OVER EVERY WIRE, EVERY PART! SOME-TIME, THIS GUY'S GOIN' TO SLIP!



AS THE FIRE BURNS ITSELF OUT, LITTLE AL AND OX RETURN TO THEIR DISTRICT OFFICE.

"TRY, LITTLE G-MAN, TRY AND CATCH ME!"... HE'S TAUNTING... RAGGING ME PERSONALLY, OX, JUST BECAUSE I'M SMALLER THAN MOST BUREAU MEN. I'LL GET THIS GUY IF I HAVE TO WORK DAY AND NIGHT ON THE ASSIGNMENT!



THE HIGHLY GEARED FINGERPRINT DIVISION OF THE F.B.I. FINDS A FINGERPRINT ON THE FIDDLER'S RECORD PLAYER, AND IN A FEW HOURS...

GOT A LINE ON THE FIDDLER AT LAST. HIS NAME IS NERO MEEKER, A GOVERNMENT WORKER WHO WAS FIRED. RECORD SHOWS HE WAS WHACKY OVER VIOLIN MUSIC, GAVE LESSONS IN HIS SPARE TIME. THIS IS OUR MAN, ALL RIGHT!

YEAH! HE'S BURNIN' DOWN THESE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AS REVENGE FOR BEIN' FIRED, HUH, BOSS?

I DOUBT IT, OX! ALL THOSE FIRES WERE PLANNED TO DO THE MOST DAMAGE TO THE U.S.'S EFFORTS TO REARM FRIENDLY NATIONS. I HAVE A HUNCH THIS NERO CHARACTER IS IN THE HIRE OF AN ENEMY POWER!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AFTER THE WIRE-PHOTOS OF NERO MEEKER, ALIAS THE FIDDLER ARRIVE FROM WASHINGTON...

HE WON'T BE ABLE TO ESCAPE OUR DRAGNET LONG. EVERY MUSIC STORE CLERK IN THE CITY WILL HAVE HIS PICTURE. SOONER OR LATER HE'LL TRY TO BUY SOME FIDDLE STRINGS OR SOMETHING AND BE SPOTTED.

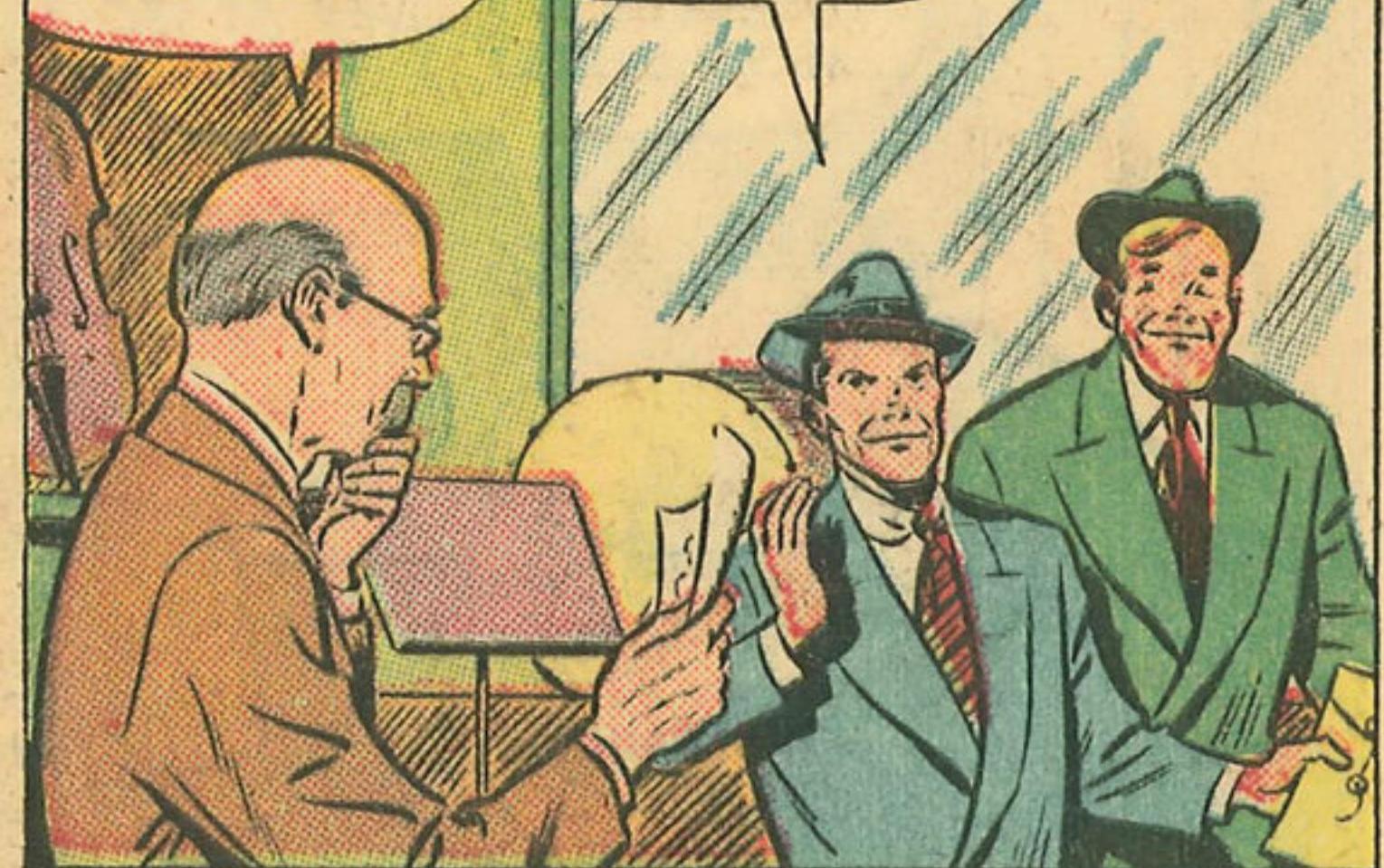
MEANWHILE, WE'LL BE CHECKING, PERSONALLY, TOO! MAYBE WE'LL HAVE SOME LUCK IN THIS PLACE, TOO!

Boulevard
MUSIC SHOP



SORRY,
GENTLEMEN,
BUT HE HASN'T
BEEN HERE.

IF YOU SEE HIM, CALL THAT
NUMBER I GAVE YOU,
PRONTO!



AT THE SAME TIME A SMALL ARMY OF OTHER AGENTS ARE CANVASSING EVERY MUSIC SHOP IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA WITH THE FIDDLER'S PHOTO.

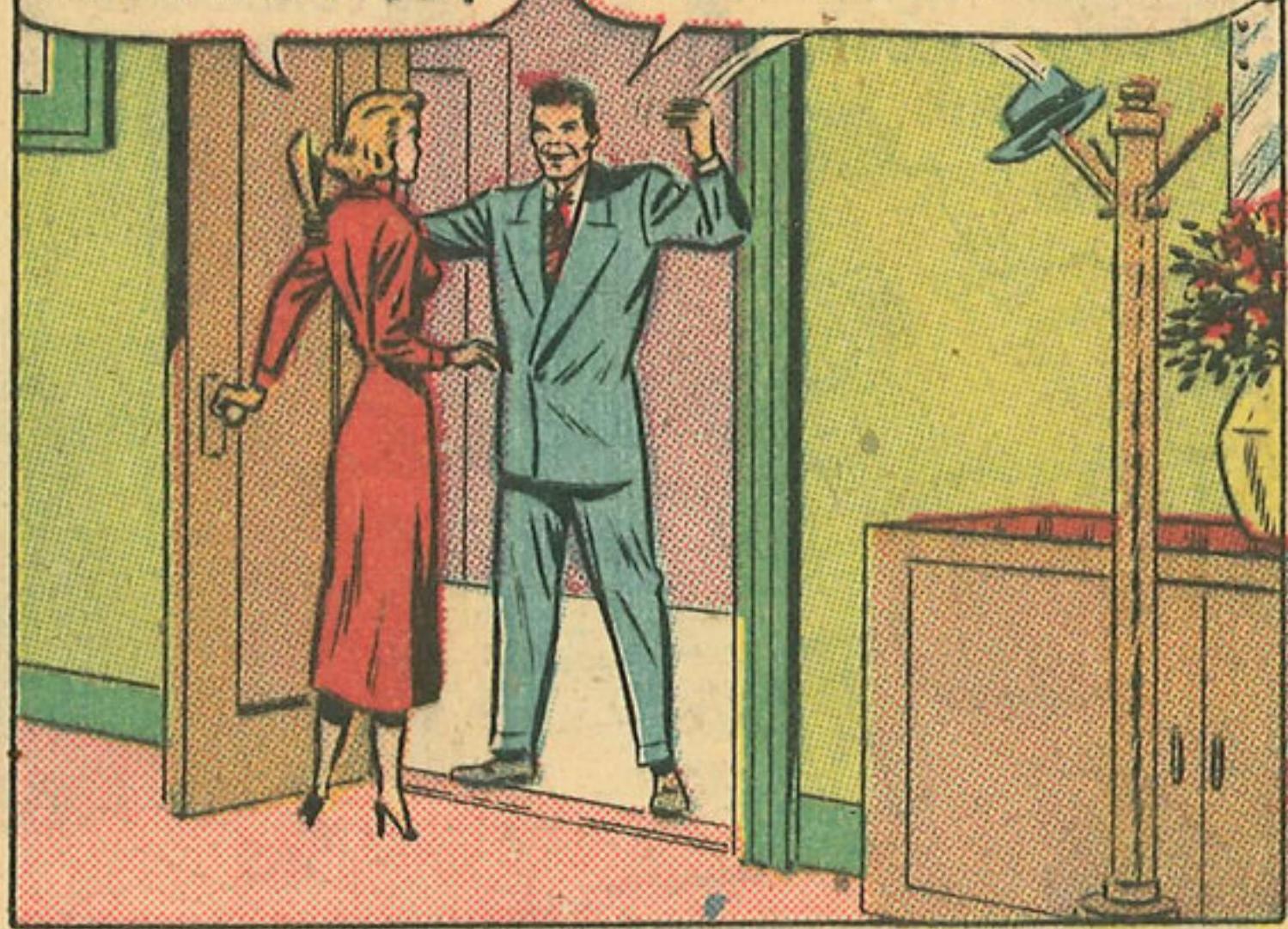
WE'VE VISITED FORTY SHOPS WITHOUT A NIBBLE, BOSS! HOW ABOUT CALLIN' IT A NIGHT?

YOU'VE GOT AN IDEA, THERE. I'M ONLY ABOUT A BLOCK FROM MARCIA'S HOUSE. BEEN BUSY WITH THIS FIDDLER'S CASE, HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN A WEEK. I'D BETTER STOP IN AND SAY HELLO OR FIND MYSELF A NEW GAL!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE PRIDE OF THE F.B.I.! ARE YOU SURE MR. HOOVER CAN REALLY SPARE YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES?

AW, COME ON, KITTY!
DON'T BE LIKE THAT!
WHEN YOU HEAR ALL ABOUT THIS CASE I'M ON NOW, YOU'LL FORGIVE ME!



CASES! CASES! THAT'S ALL I HEAR FROM YOU! YOU'RE ABOUT AS ROMANTIC AS A...

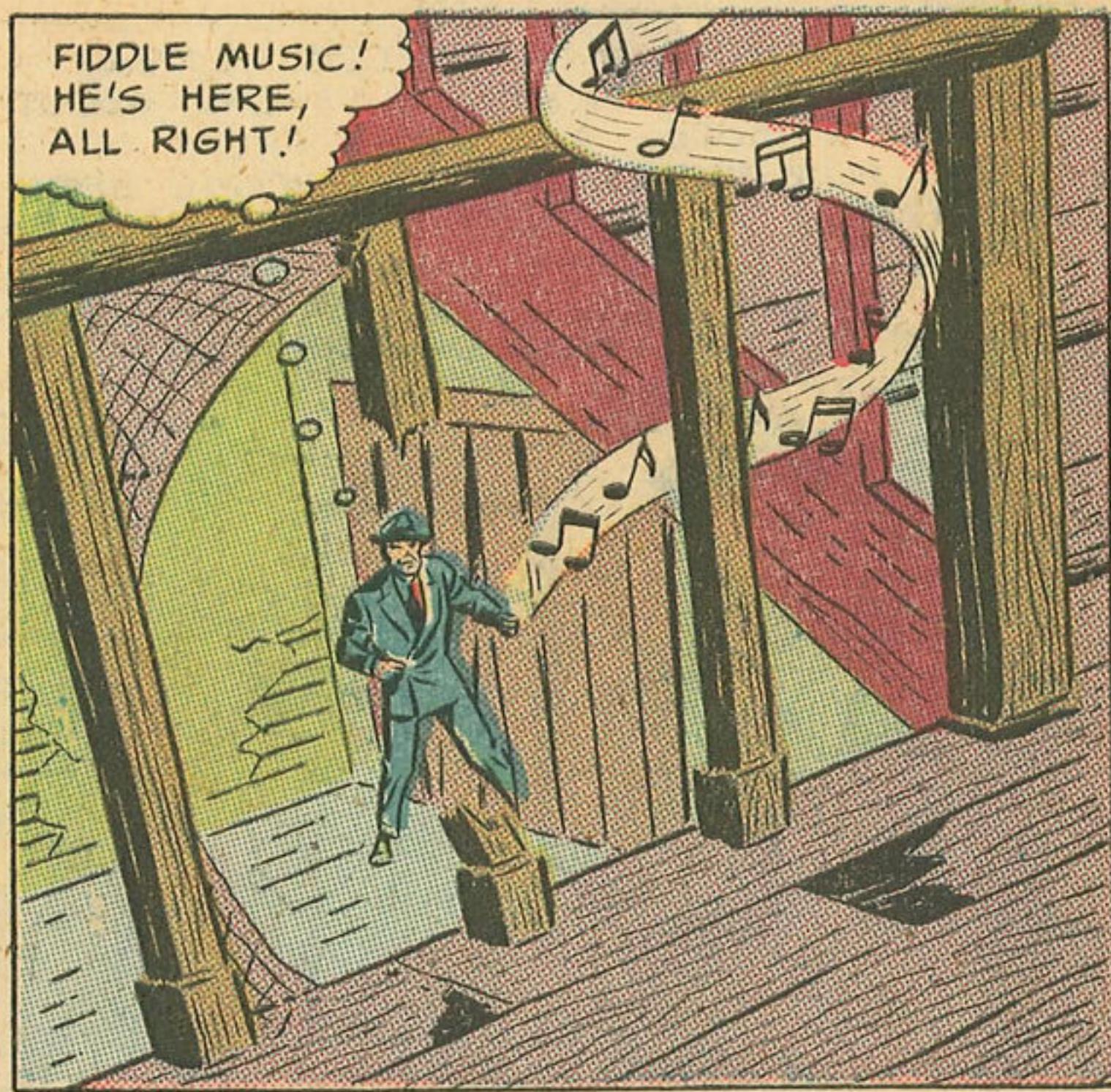
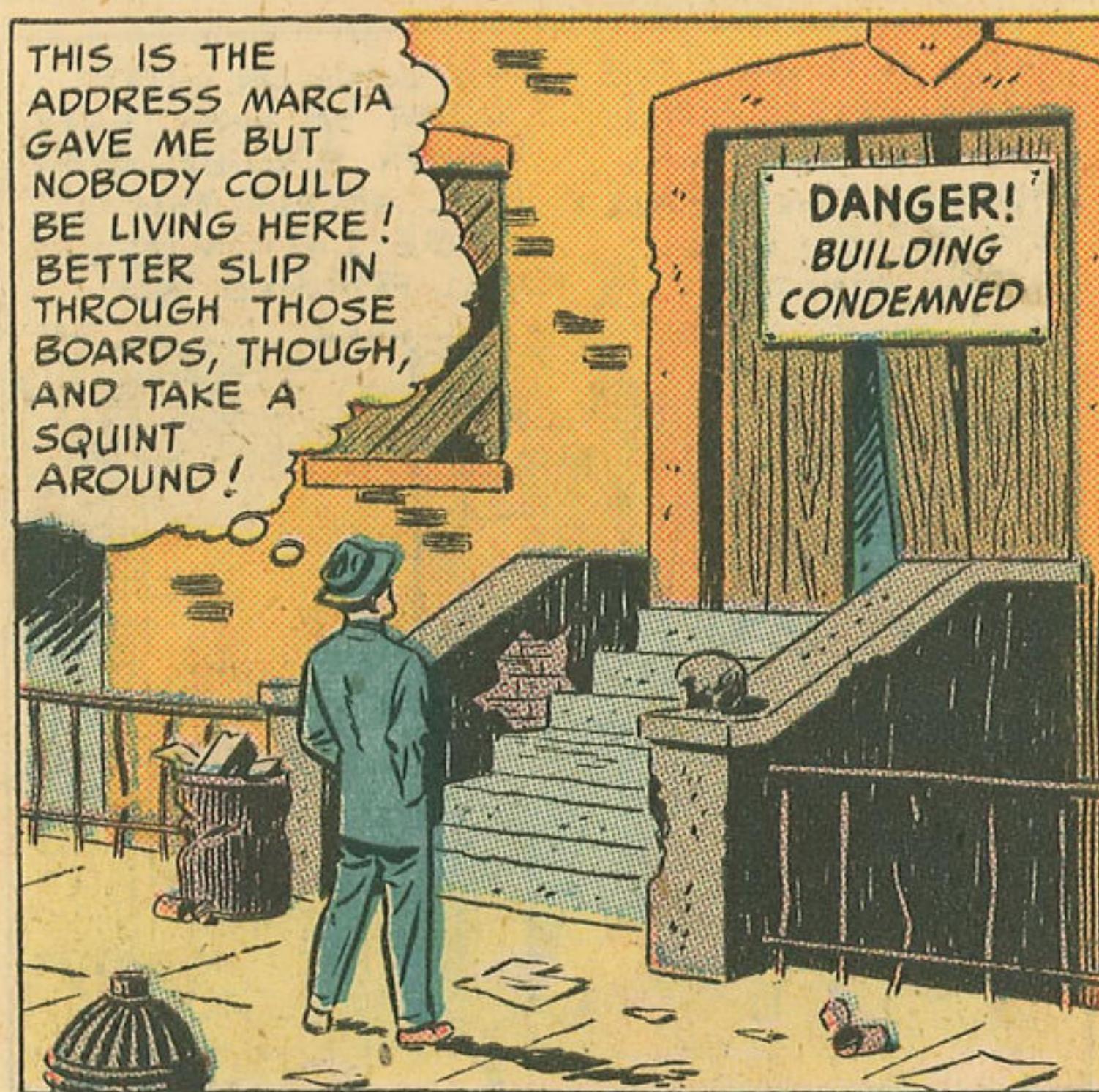
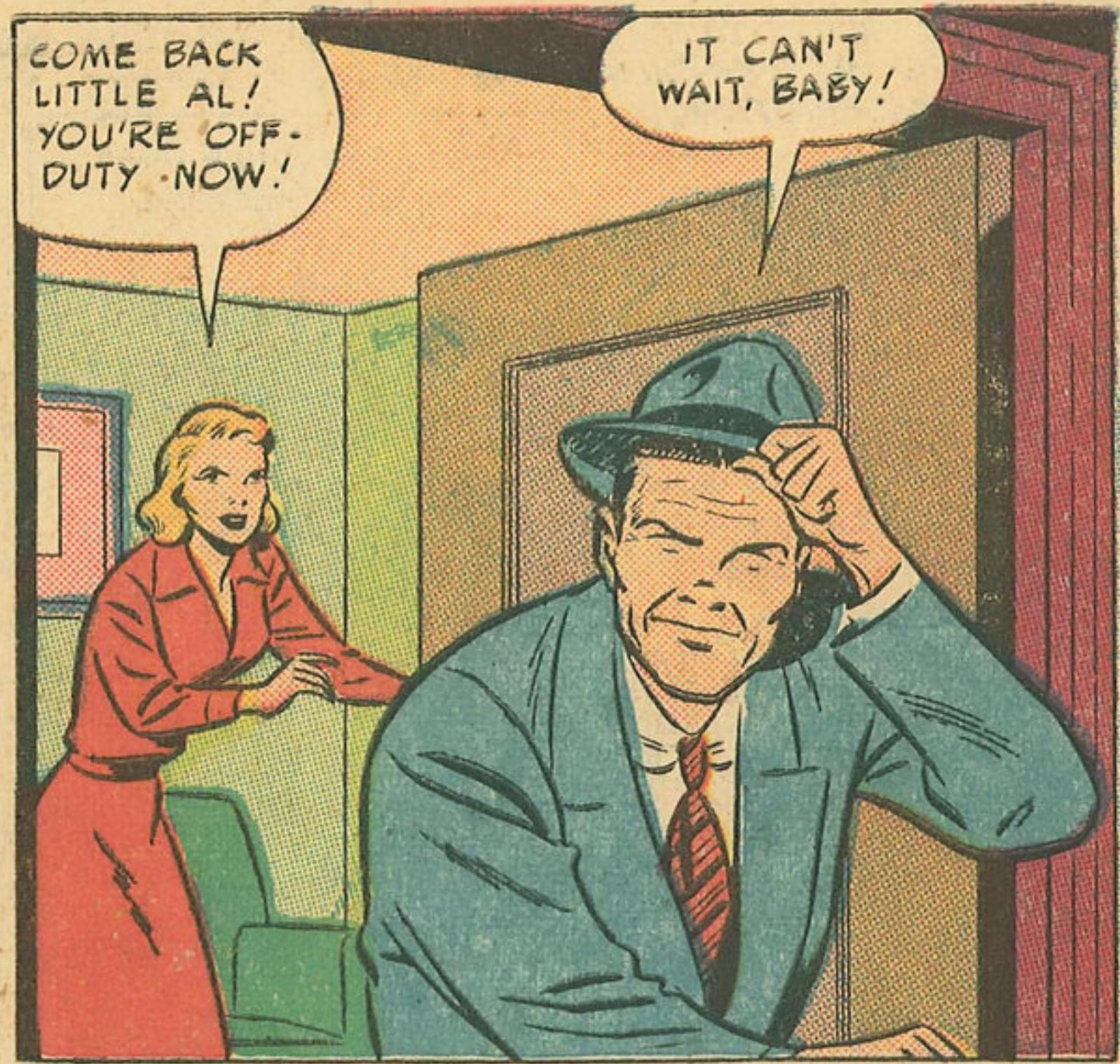
OKAY, YOU WIN! FROM NOW ON, I'LL BE KID CASANOVA HIMSELF! BUT FIRST LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING!



THIS IS THE GUY WE'RE WE'RE AFTER. CALLS HIMSELF **THE FIDDLER!** MOST VICIOUS MURDERER AND FIRE-BUG WE'VE ..

WHY, I- I KNOW THIS MAN! HE LIVES RIGHT IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!



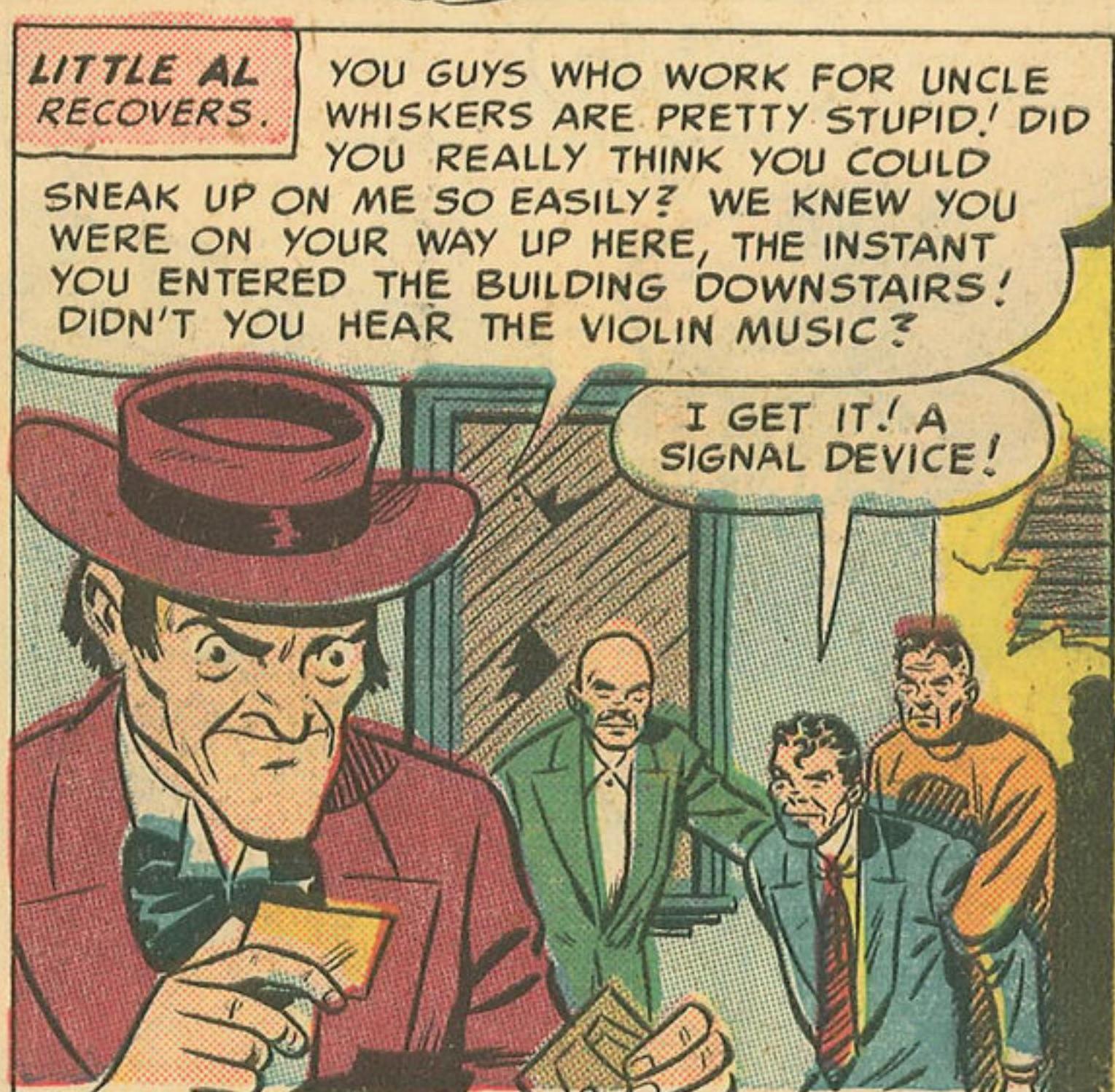


GRAB TH' SNOOPER,
MAX! HE .. UUUGGH!

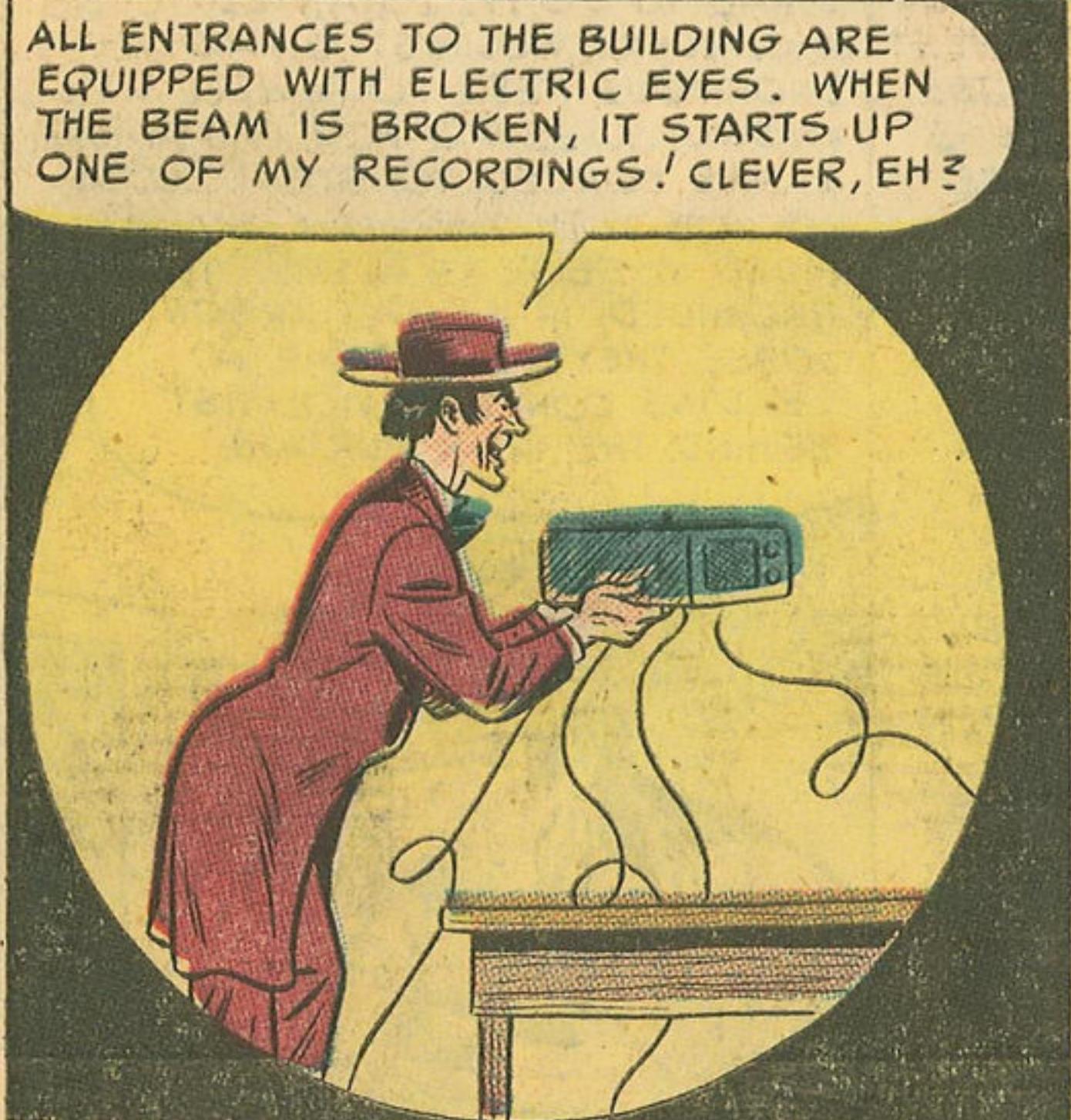
NOT SO
FAST,
JUNIOR!

A RUGGED
GUY, EH?

BEFORE LITTLE AL CAN FIGHT HIS WAY
OUT OF THE TRAP, THE WHIZZING SAP
DESCENDS AGAINST HIS SKULL...



ALL ENTRANCES TO THE BUILDING ARE EQUIPPED WITH ELECTRIC EYES. WHEN THE BEAM IS BROKEN, IT STARTS UP ONE OF MY RECORDINGS! CLEVER, EH?

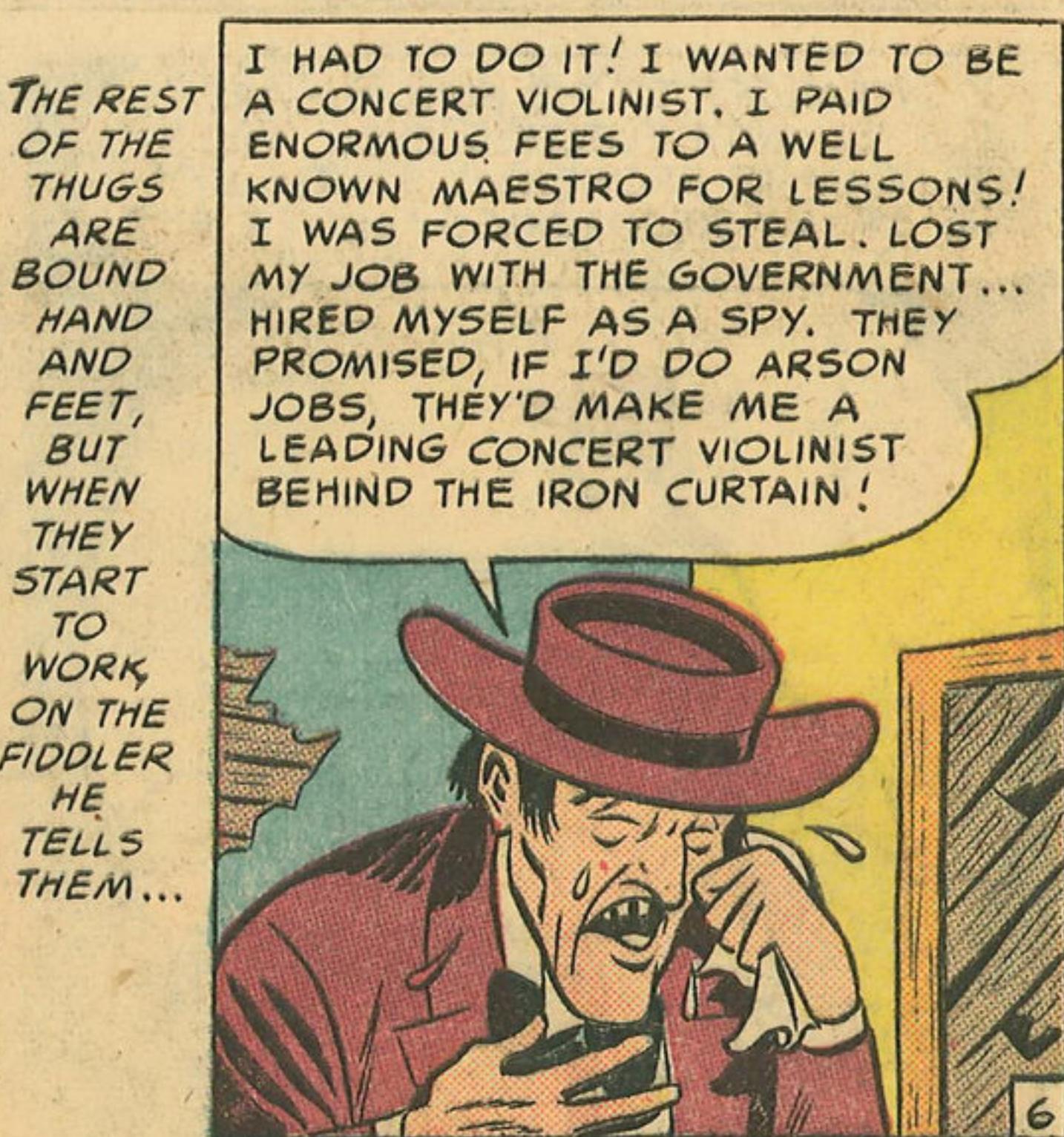


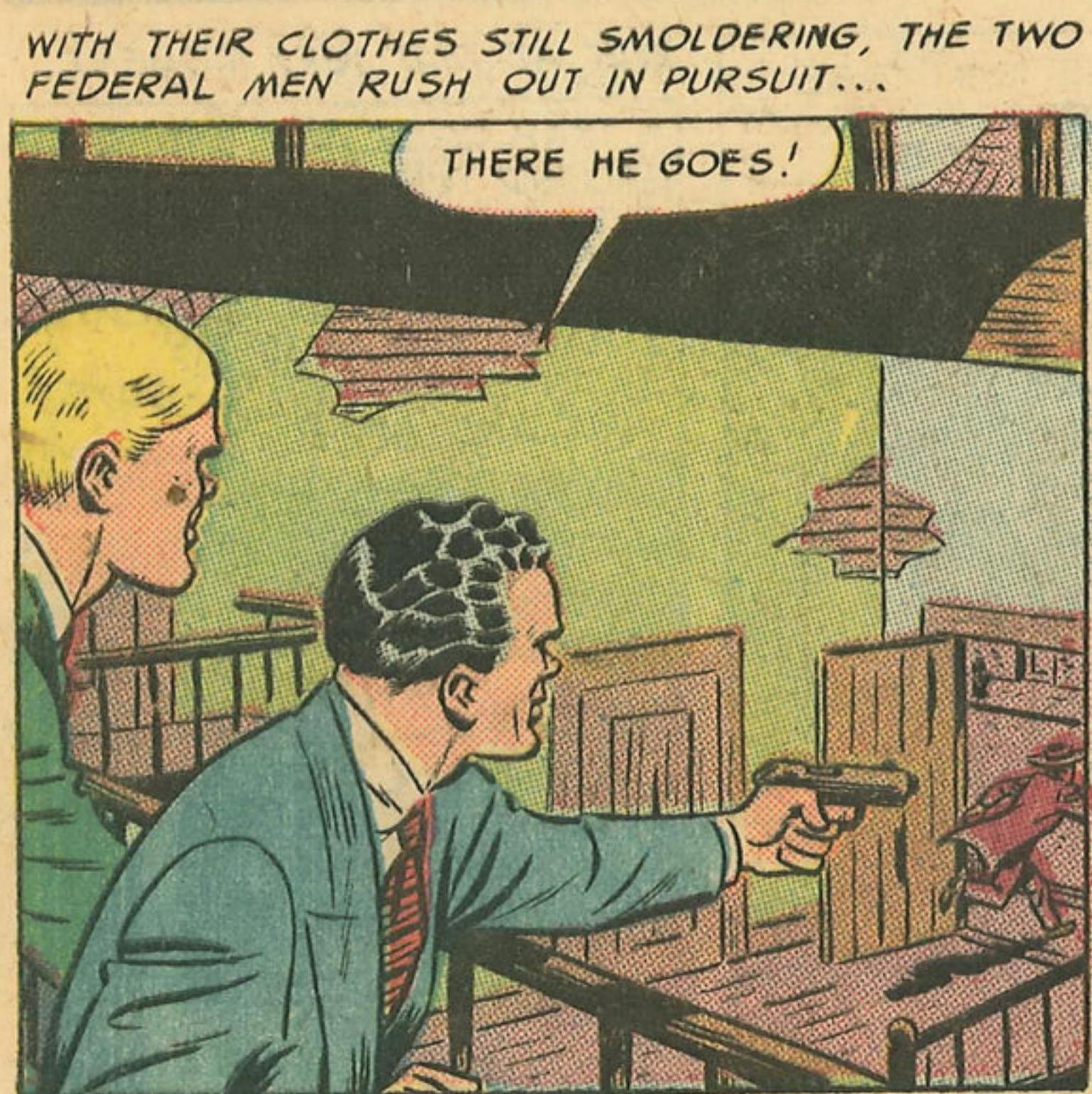
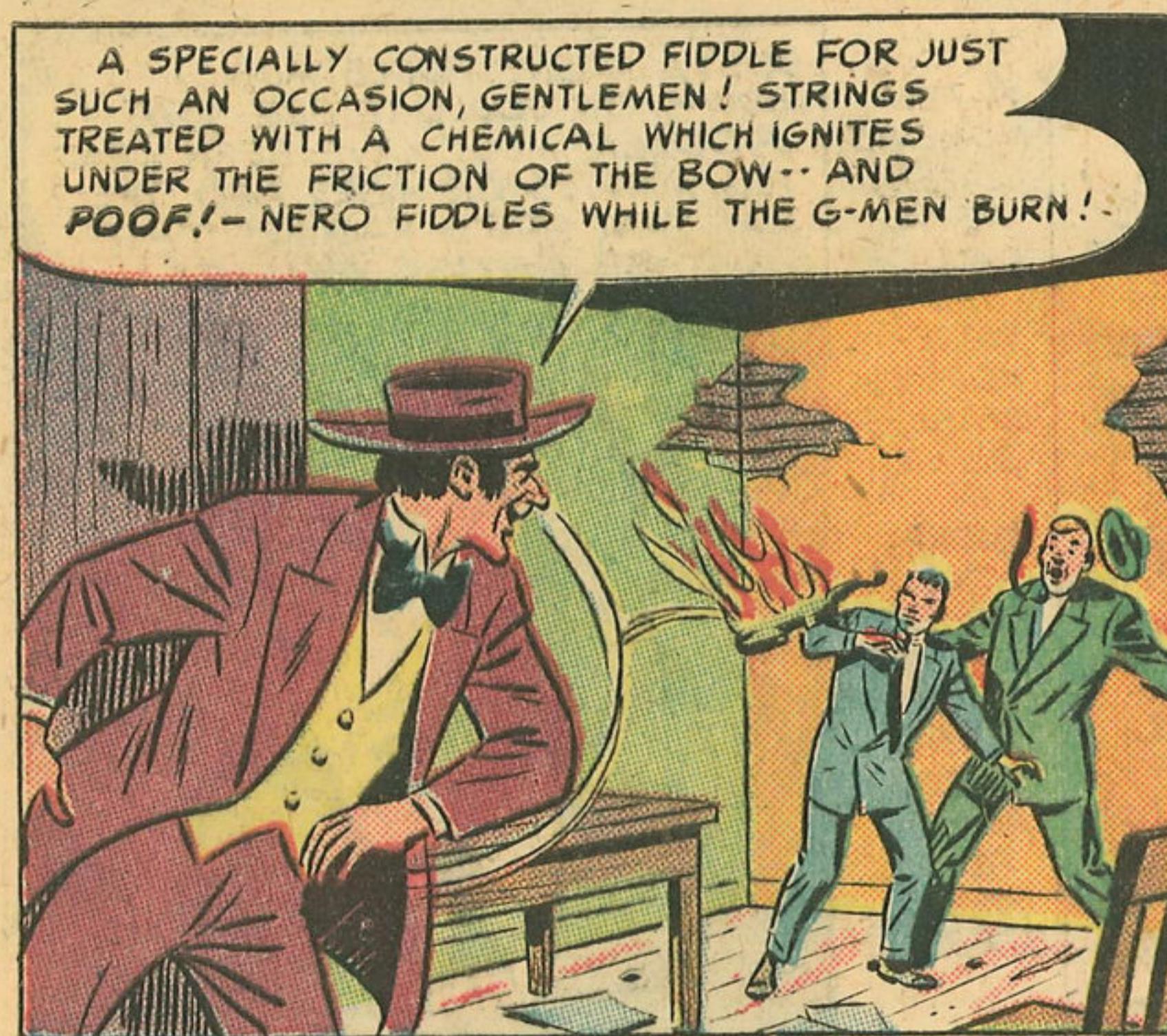
LOOK AT THIS SPECIMEN, GENTLEMEN!
A PUNY SHRIMP! SINCE WHEN DOES
THE F.B.I. SEND A BOY ON A
MAN'S ERRAND? I DON'T SEE
HOW THIS SAWED-OFF RUNT EVER
PASSED THE BUREAU'S
PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS!

I'LL SHOW
YOU THAT
DYNAMITE
COMES IN
SMALL
PACKAGES,
TOO!

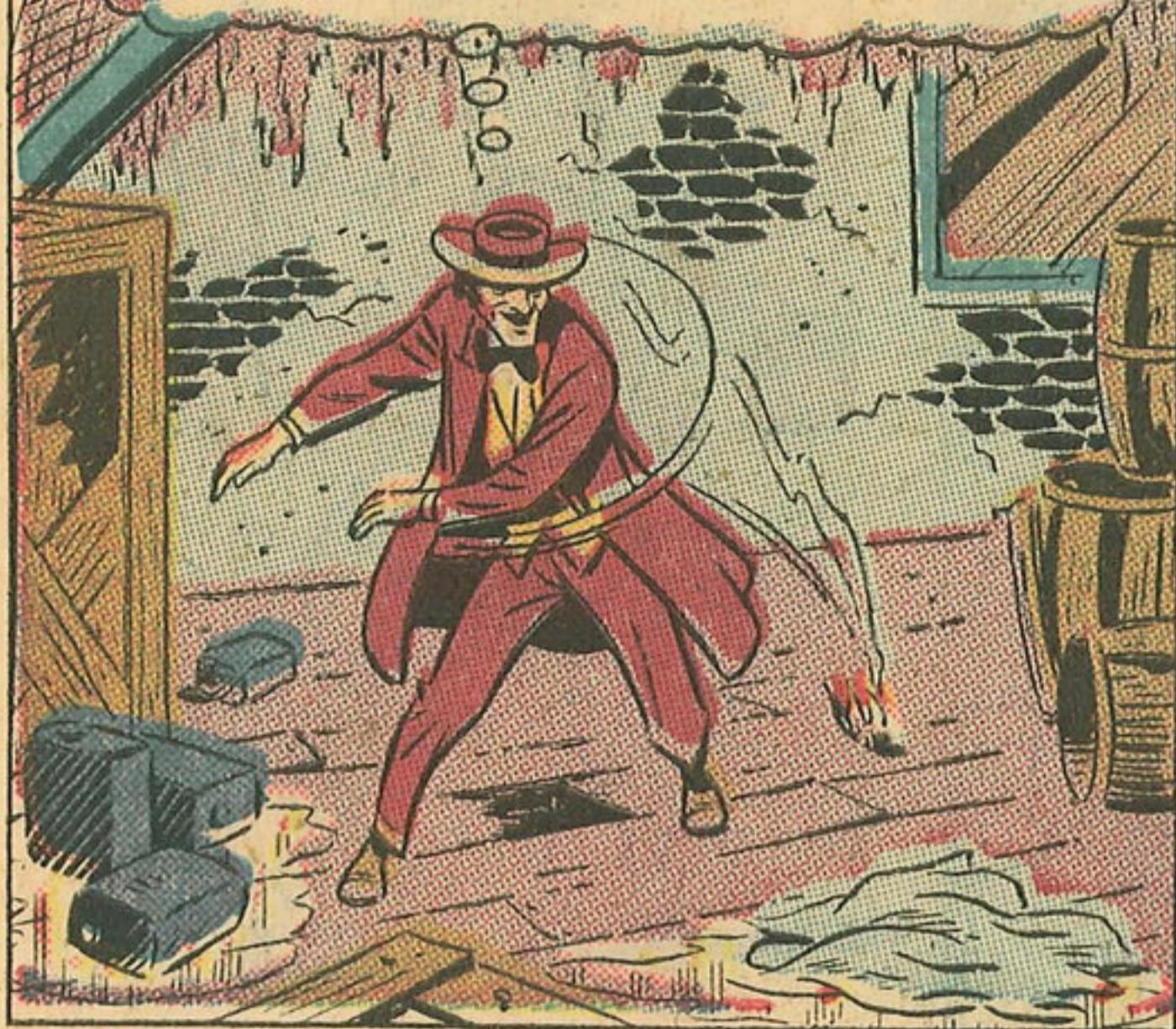


THE FIDDLER'S HENCHMEN LEAP TO DEFEND THEIR LEADER. AS LITTLE AL, OUTNUMBERED THREE TO ONE, FIGHTS LIKE A WILD MAN, THE FIDDLER QUICKLY LOOSENS THE STRINGS FROM ONE OF HIS VIOLINS...



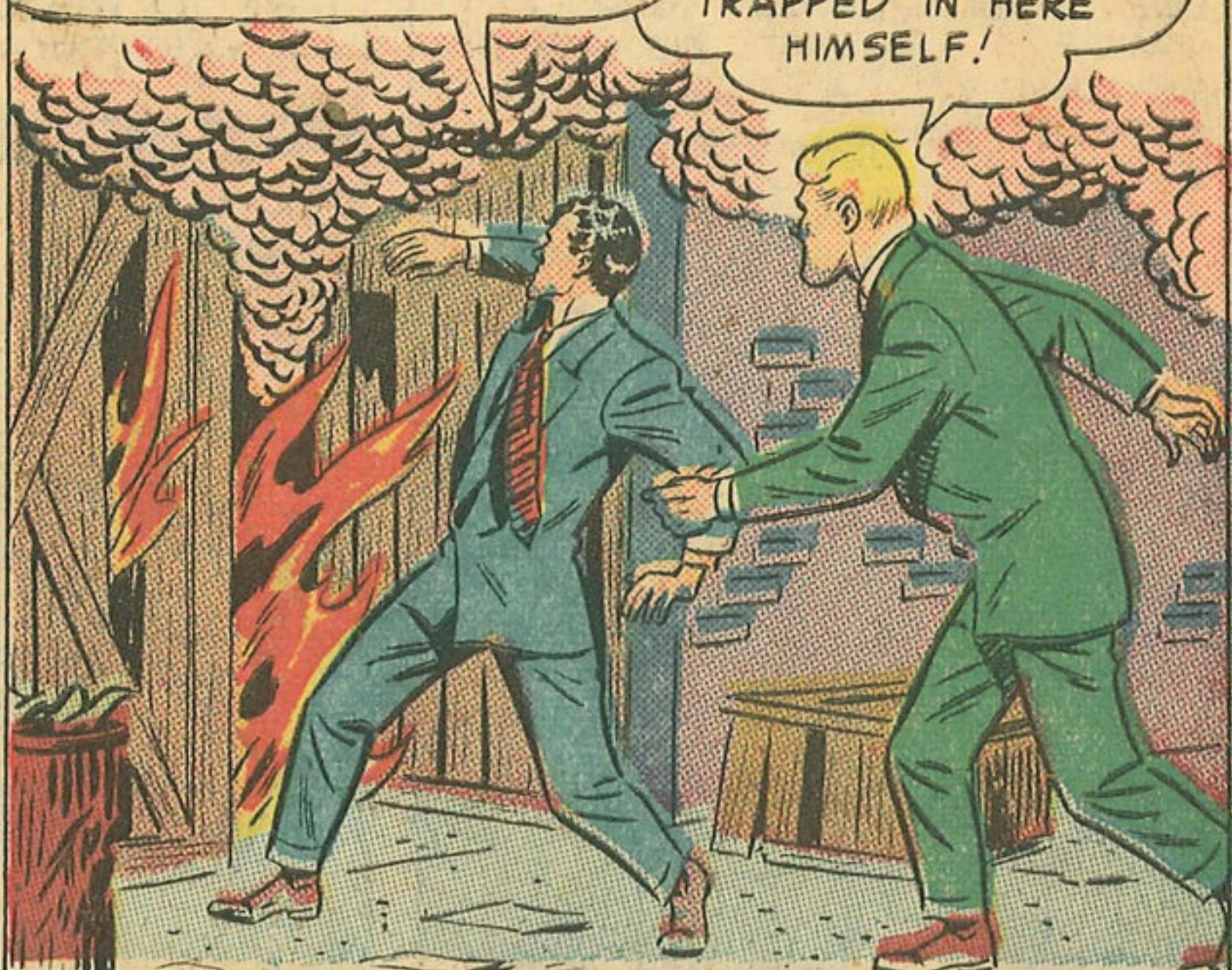


THESE KEROSENE-SOAKED RAGS WILL MAKE A FURNACE OF THIS PLACE IN A FEW SECONDS! AND MY FED FRIENDS WILL BE MORE BURNED UP THAN EVER!



HOLD IT, OX! THE FIDDLER'S PUT A TORCH TO THIS PLACE!

HE MUST BE REALLY NUTS! HE'LL BE TRAPPED IN HERE HIMSELF!



THE REAR OF THAT BUILDING'S A SOLID BRICK WALL, BOSS, AND HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN OUT THE FRONT WITHOUT US SEEIN' HIM! HE'S TRAPPED HIMSELF INSIDE, FOR SURE!

NOBODY COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT INFERO! LOOKS LIKE HE KNEW HIS NUMBER WAS UP AND FIGURED HE'D DIE THE SAME AS HE LIVED - BY FIRE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AS A WALL OF THE WAREHOUSE CRASHES DOWN IN FLAMES, THE SWEET STRAINS OF VIOLIN MUSIC ONCE AGAIN FILLS THE STREET...

BOSS, LISTEN! FIDDLE MUSIC! HOW-HOW COULD IT BE? **THE FIDDLER** MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD TEN MINUTES OR MORE AGO, THE WAY THAT FIRE'S RAGING! IT-IT MUST BE GHOST MUSIC!



TAKE IT EASY, OX! **THE FIDDLER** ISN'T GOING TO HAUNT US NOW THAT HE'S DEAD! WHAT YOU HEAR IS THAT OLD STREET MUSICIAN!

OH, SURE -- (GULP!) -- BOSS! I KNEW IT ALL ALONG!

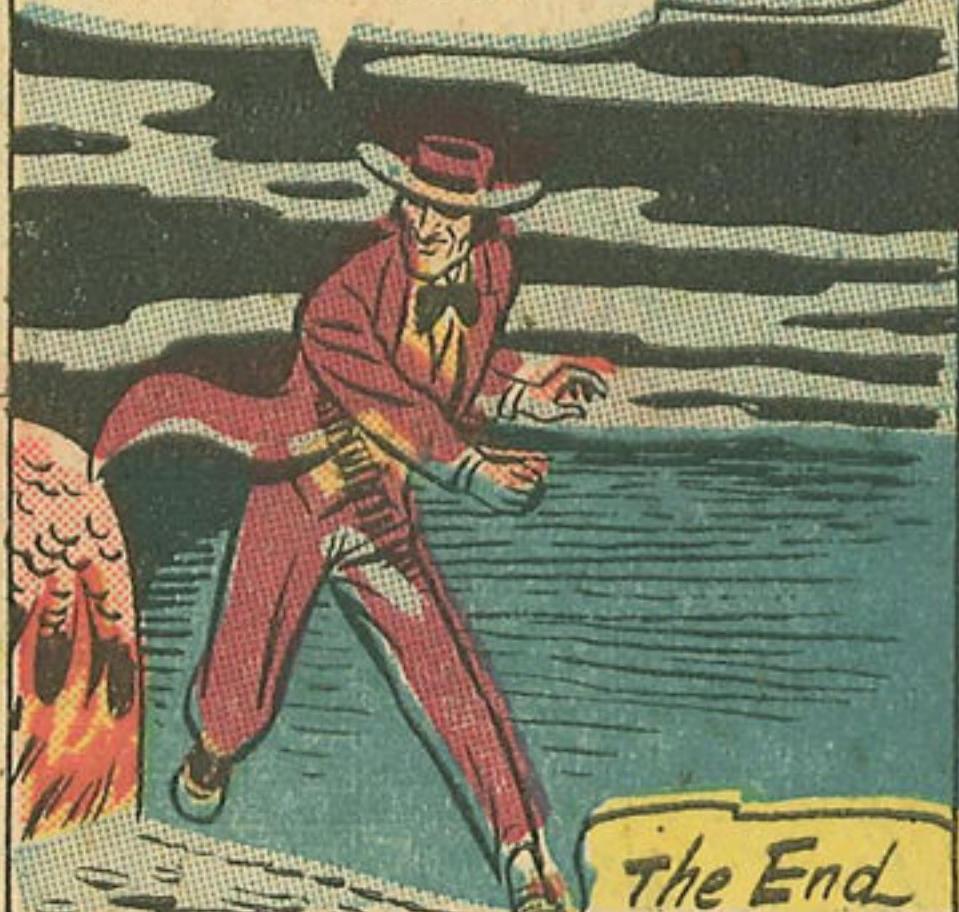


WE CAN WRITE THAT CASE OFF OUR BOOKS! TOMORROW I'LL BUY MARCIA A BIG DINNER FOR HELPING US OUT!



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

A TRAP DOOR AND UNDERGROUND TUNNEL LEADING TO THE WATERFRONT WHERE THERE'S A BOAT WAITING! A WELL PLANNED RETREAT! I HAVEN'T PLAYED MY SWAN SONG, YET, G-GUYS! WAIT AND SEE!



The End

Little Al

of the

F.B.I.

in "ROSES ARE RED AS BLOOD"

LITTLE AL, THE SMALLEST BUT TOUGHEST AGENT IN THE F.B.I., HAS BITTEN OFF MORE THAN HE CAN CHEW. FOLLOWING THREE SUSPECTS IN A DRUG SMUGGLING CASE, HE IS AMBUSHED IN AN ALLEY!

KILL HIM, RED!
BASH HIM!

WE GOTTA BEAT IT! THE COPS ARE COMIN'!



LATER, LITTLE AL ENJOYS A VISIT WITH HIS FIANCÉE, MARCIA, AND WESLEY STEELE, HIS BOSS...

YOU CRAZY GALOOT! CAN'T YOU EVER STAY OUT OF TROUBLE?

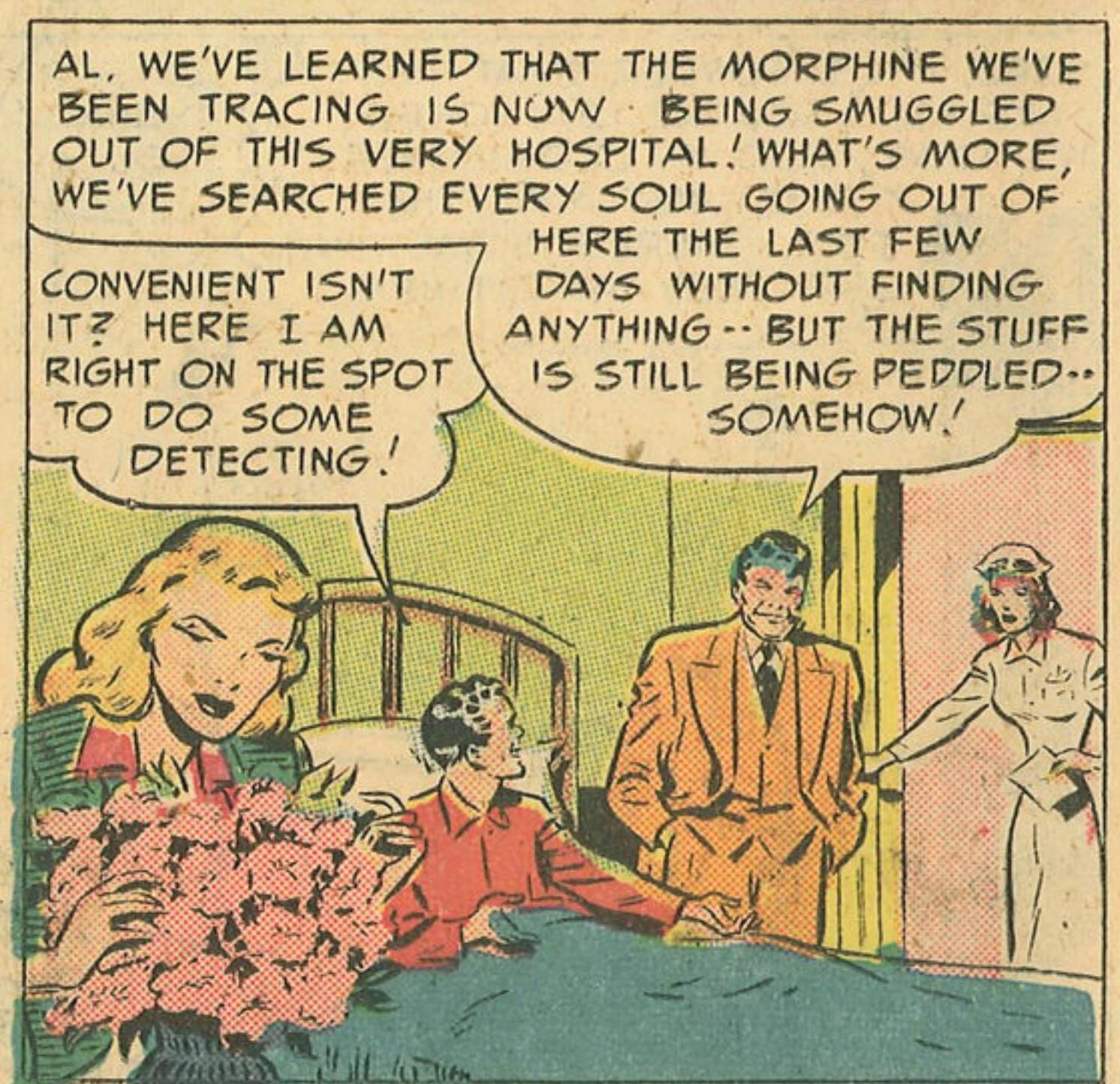
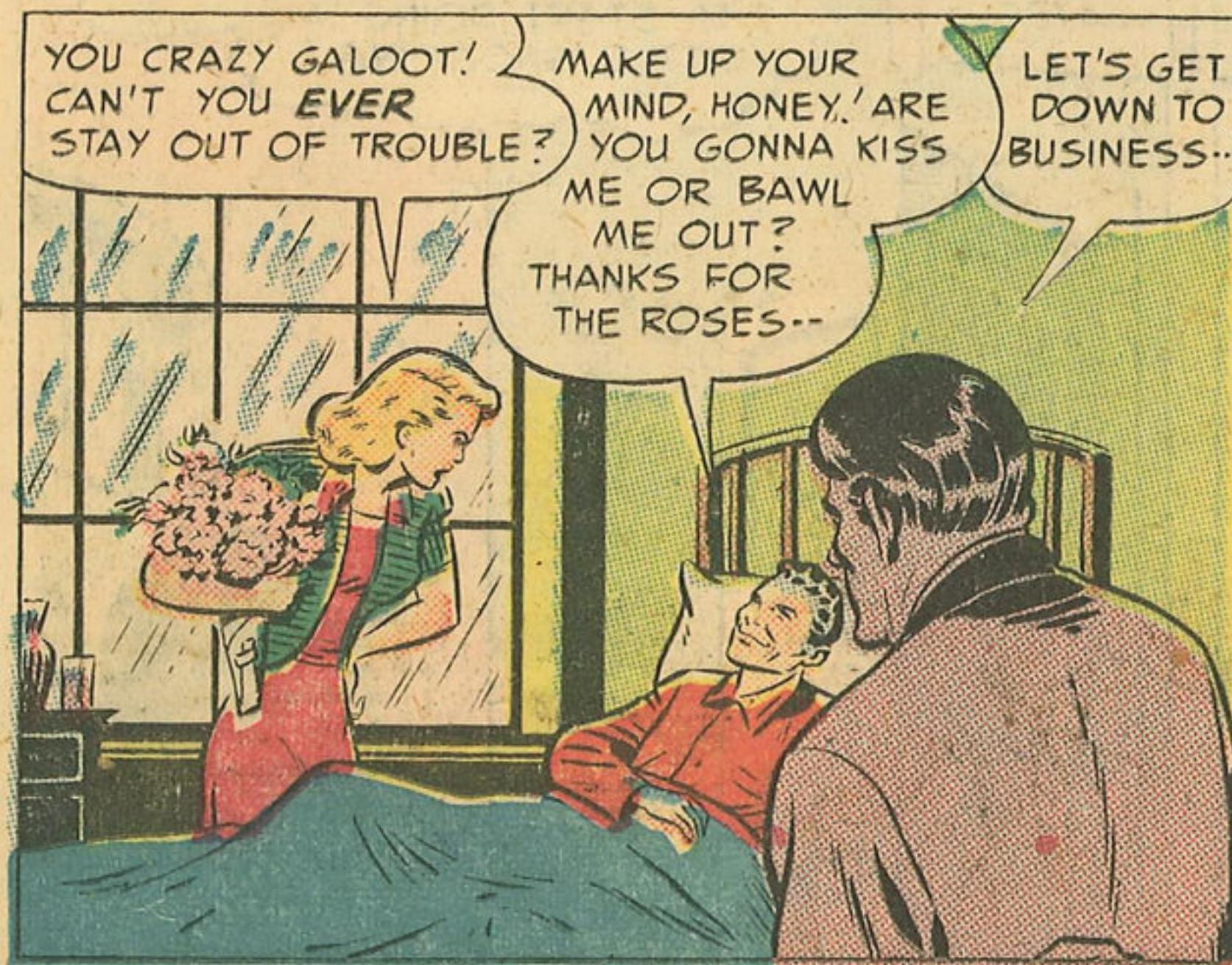
MAKE UP YOUR MIND, HONEY. ARE YOU GONNA KISS ME OR BAWL ME OUT?

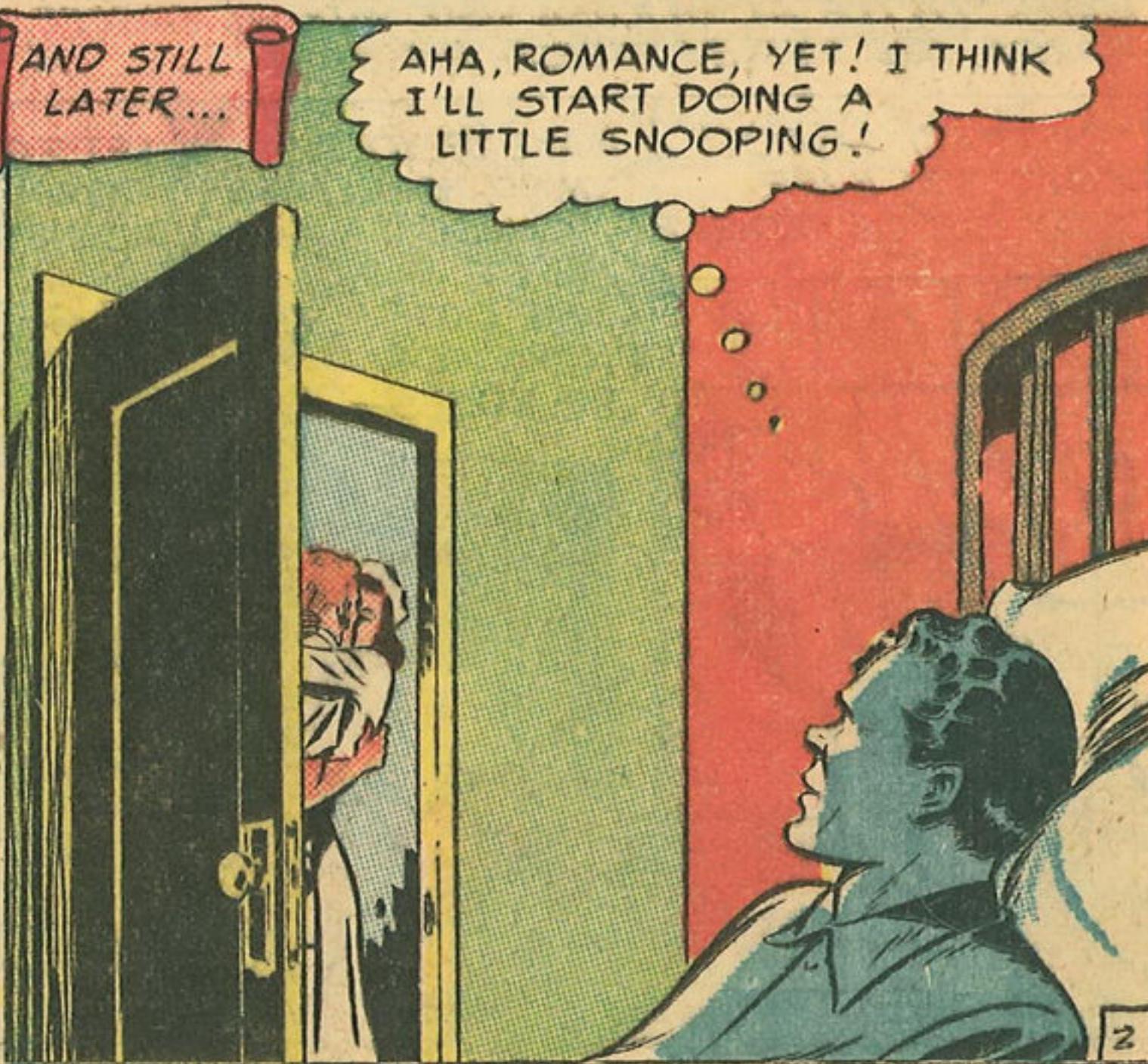
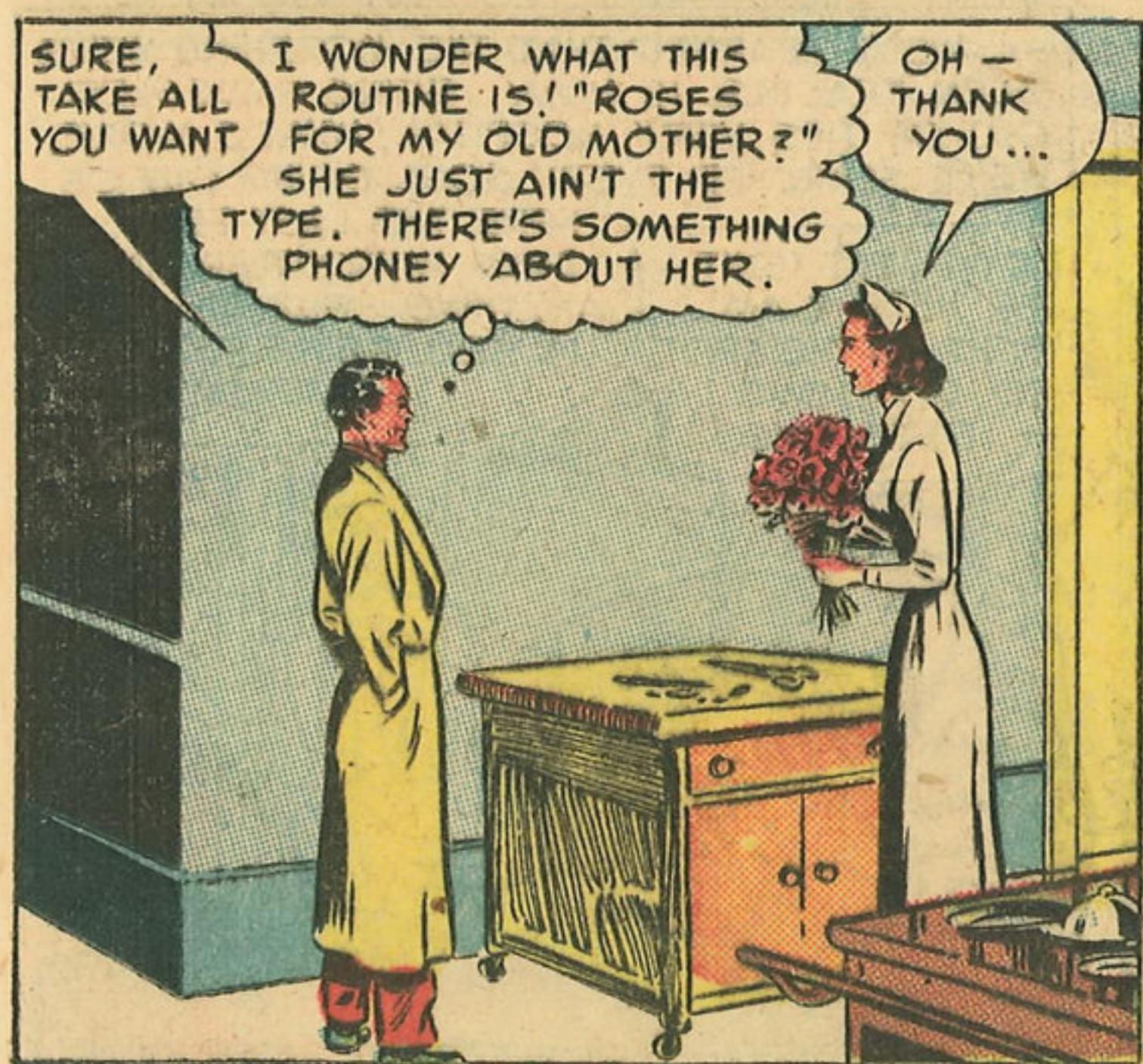
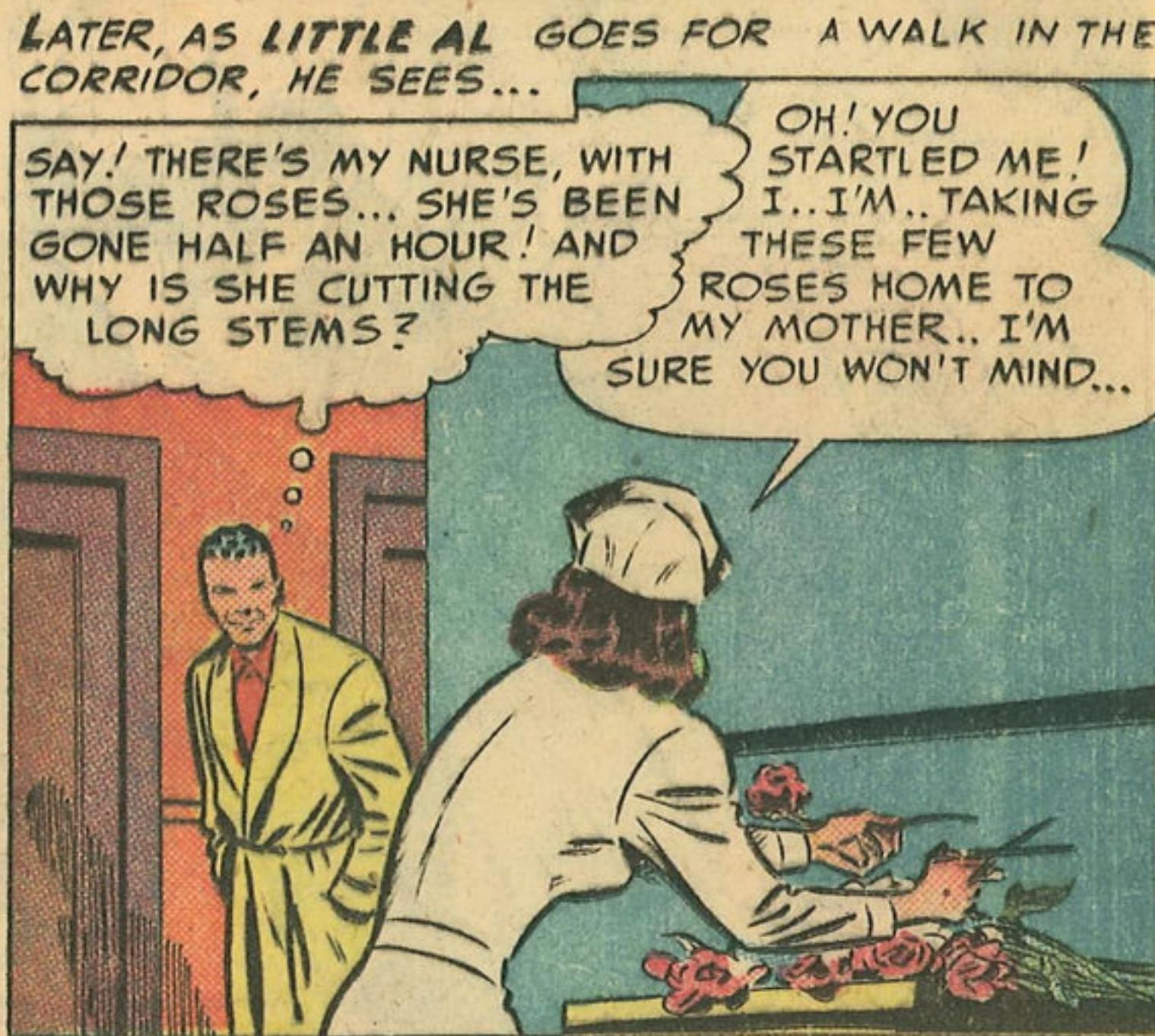
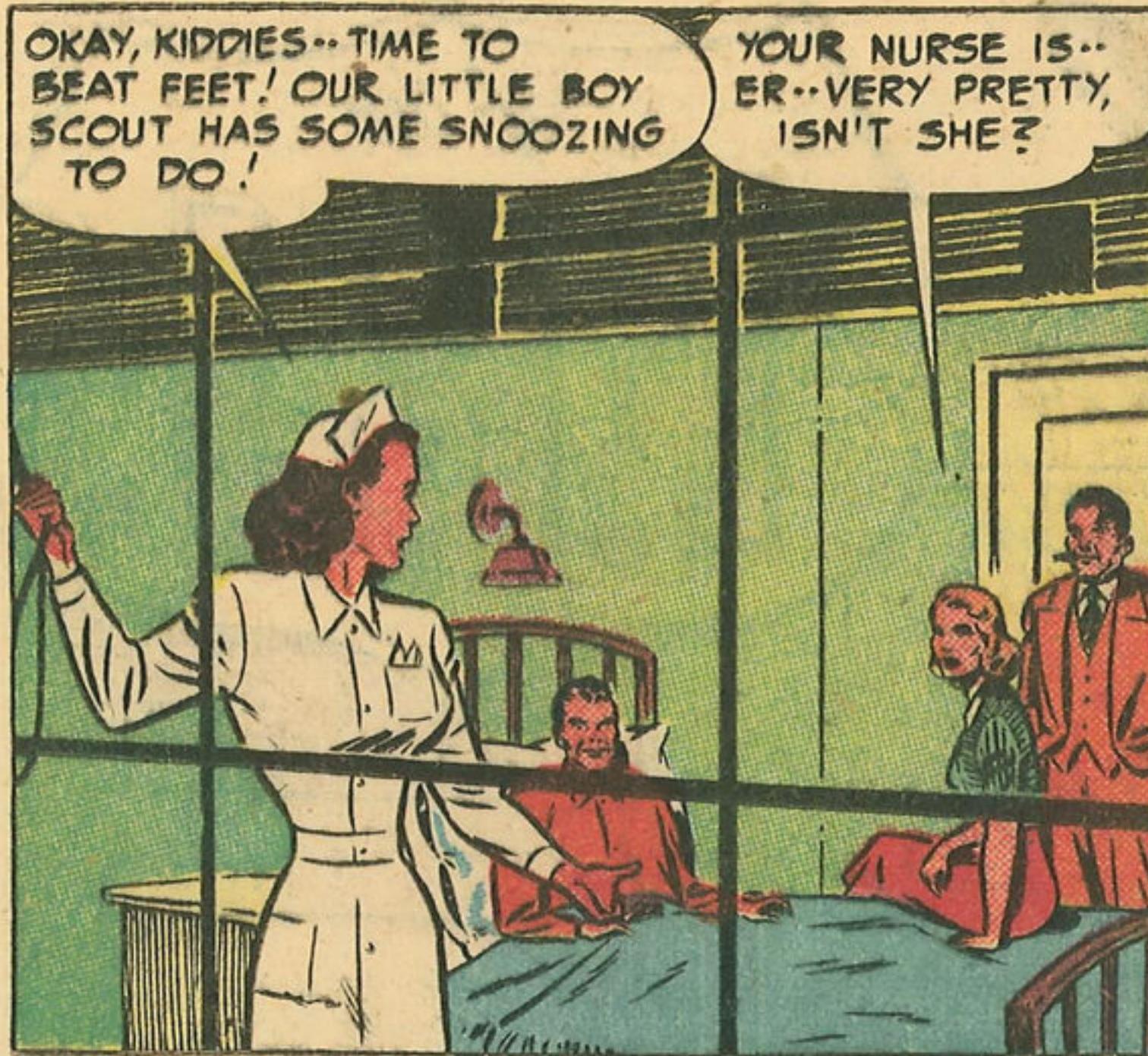
THANKS FOR THE ROSES--

LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS..

AL, WE'VE LEARNED THAT THE MORPHINE WE'VE BEEN TRACING IS NOW BEING SMUGGLED OUT OF THIS VERY HOSPITAL! WHAT'S MORE, WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY SOUL GOING OUT OF

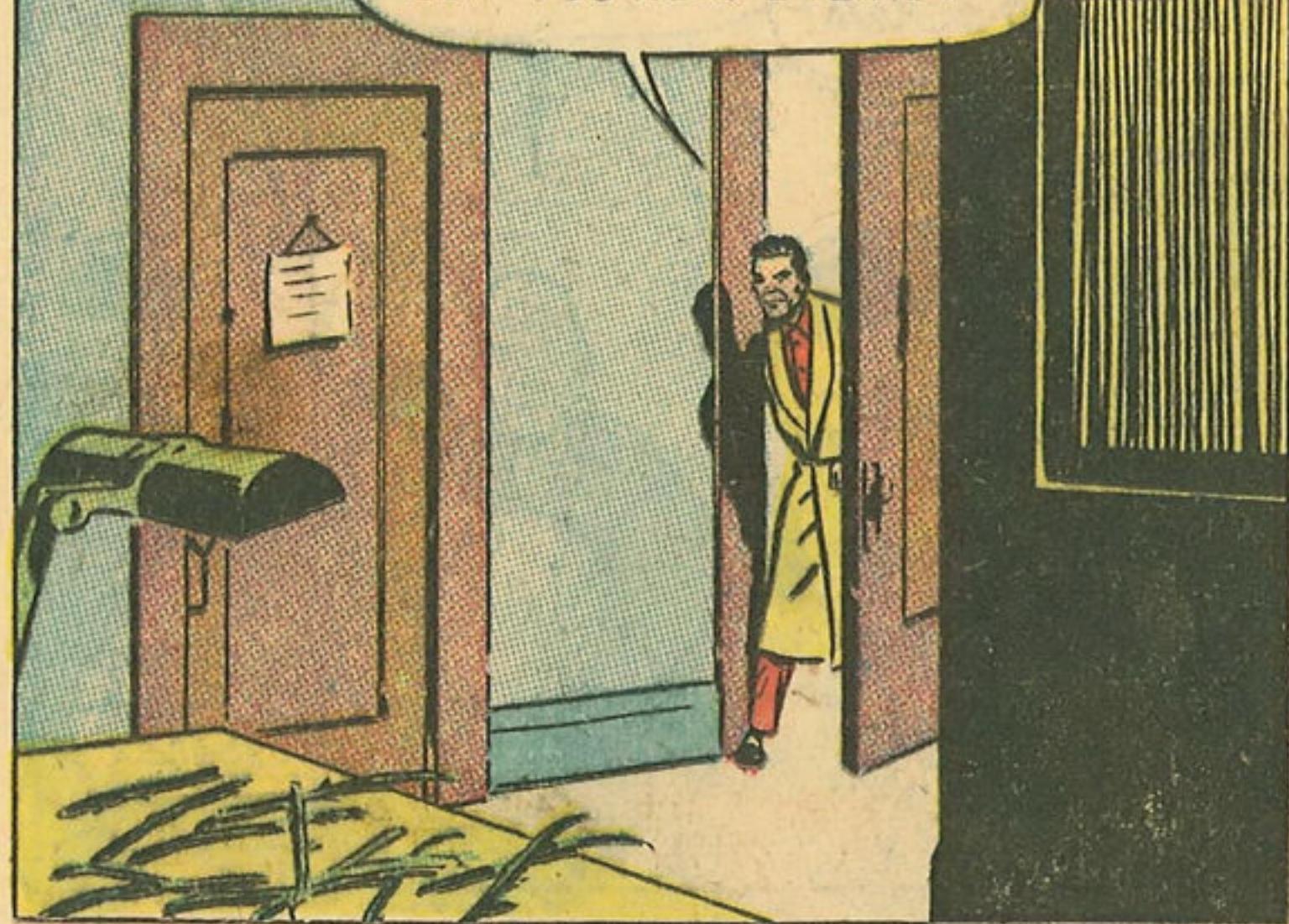
HERE THE LAST FEW DAYS WITHOUT FINDING ANYTHING -- BUT THE STUFF IS STILL BEING PEDDLED-- SOMEHOW!



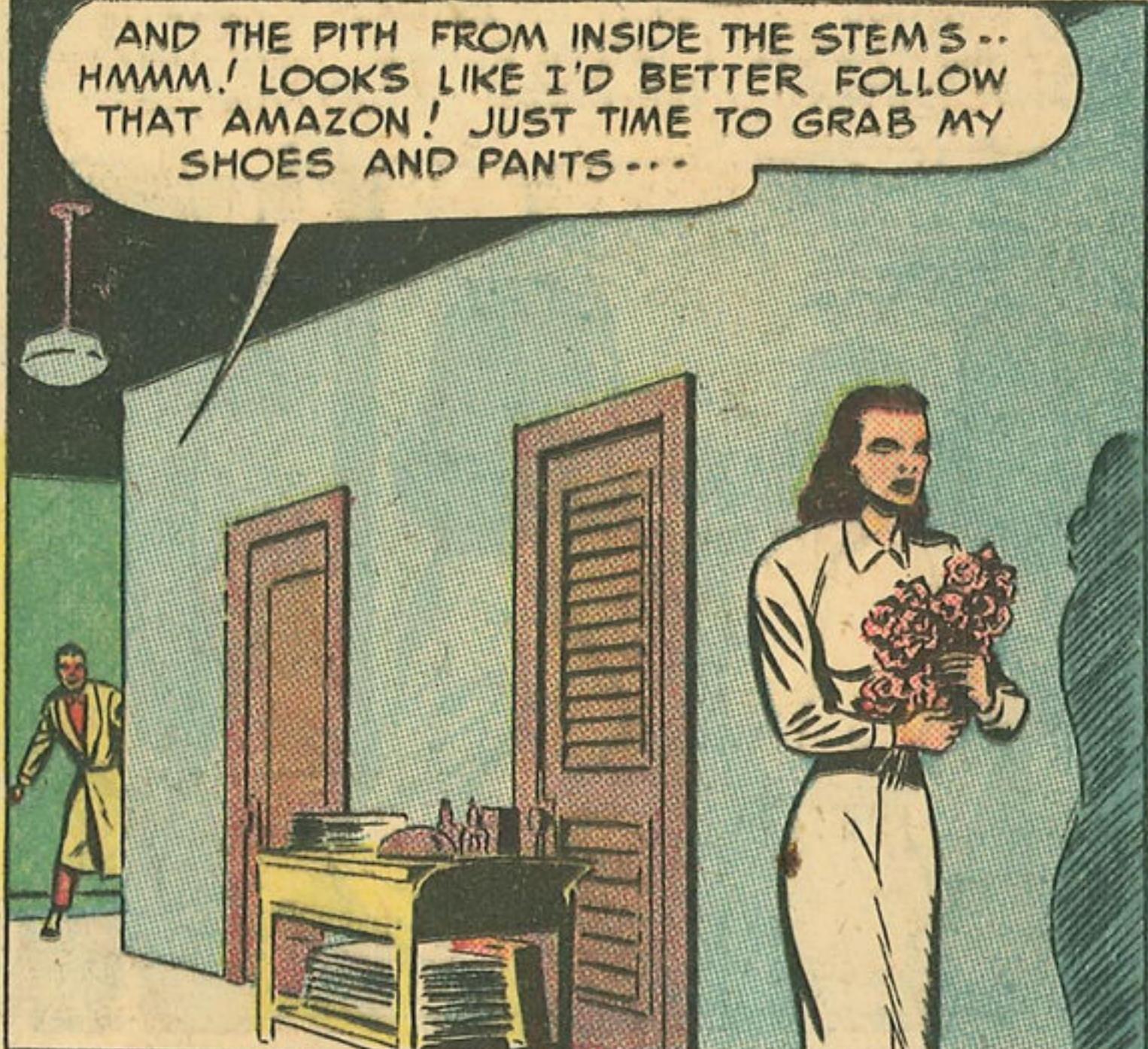


LITTLE AL WAITS A FEW MOMENTS, 'TIL ALL IS QUIET.
AND THEN...

THEY'RE GONE. BUT--WHAT'S
THAT ON THE DESK? IT LOOKS LIKE--
CUT FLOWER STEMS!

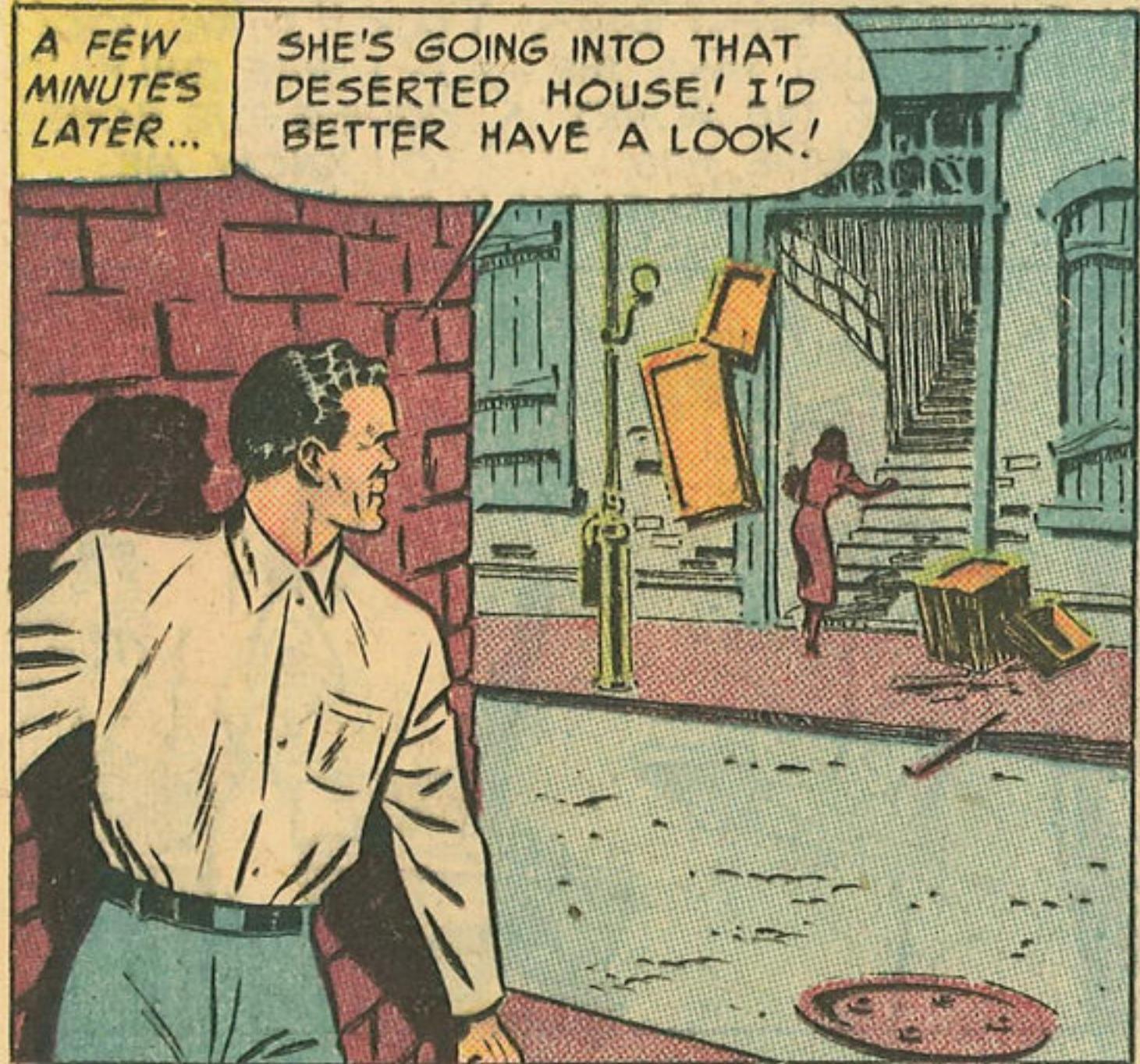


AND THE PITH FROM INSIDE THE STEM S--
HMM! LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER FOLLOW
THAT AMAZON! JUST TIME TO GRAB MY
SHOES AND PANTS--



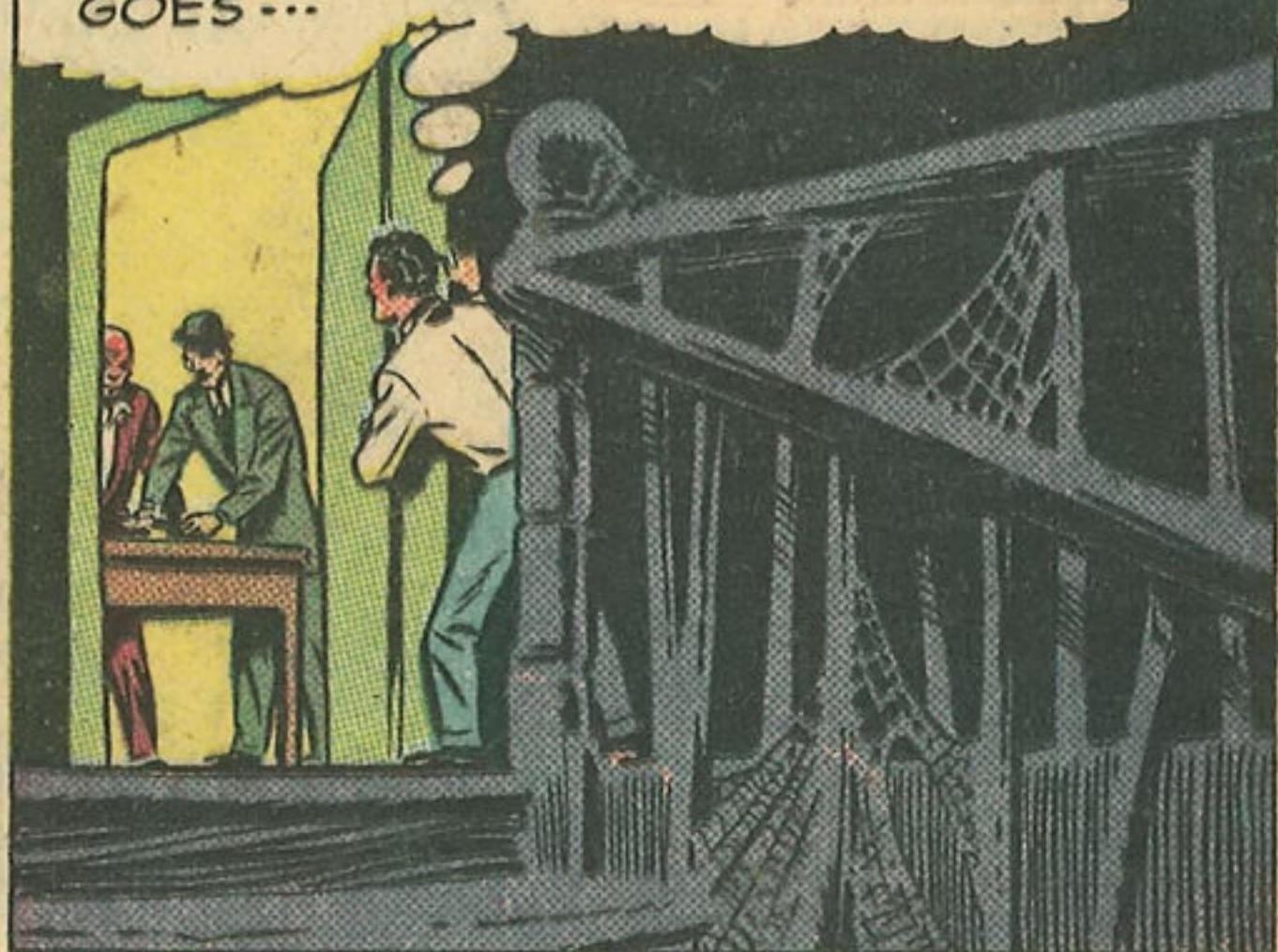
A FEW
MINUTES
LATER...

SHE'S GOING INTO THAT
DESERTED HOUSE! I'D
BETTER HAVE A LOOK!



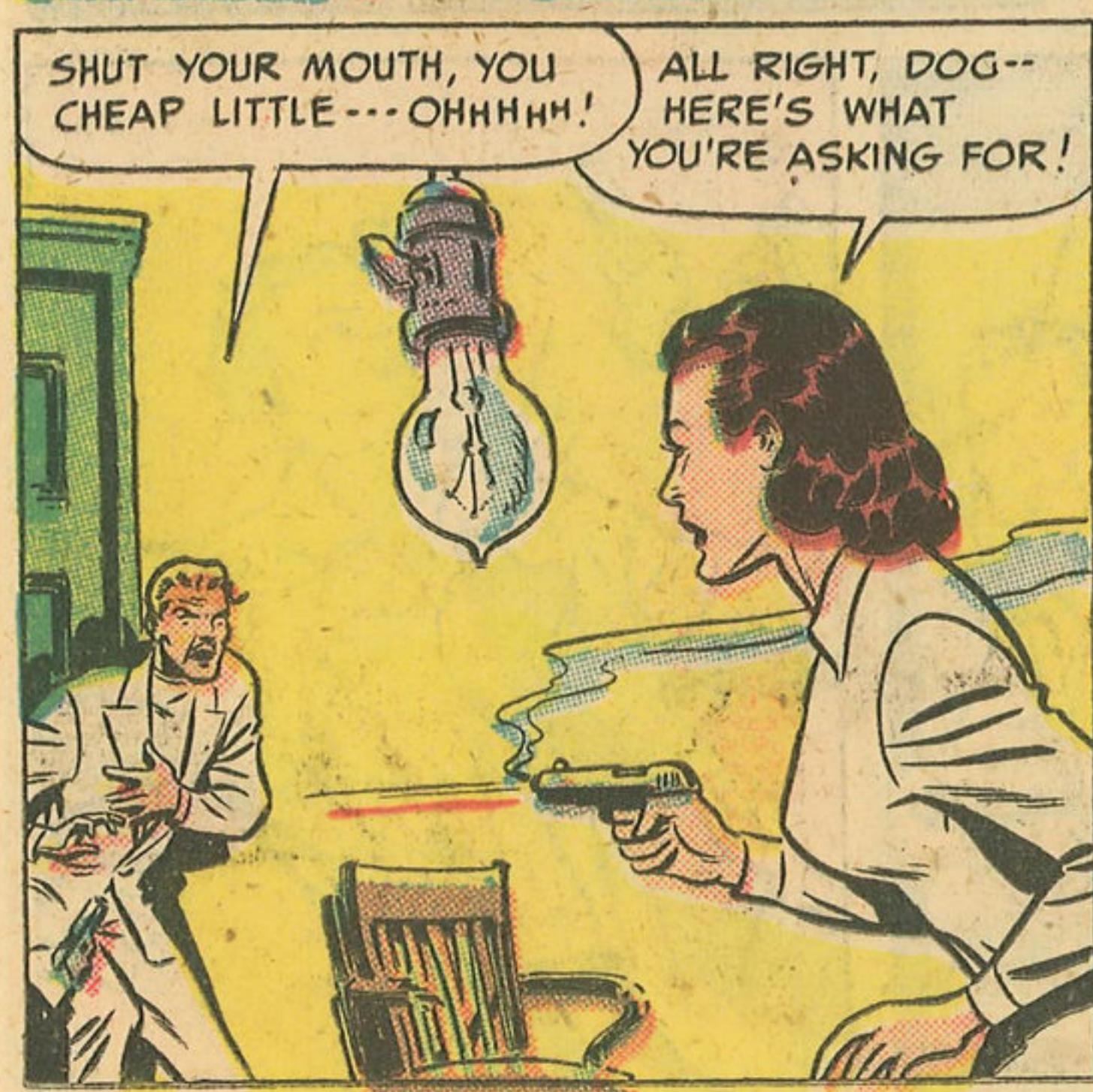
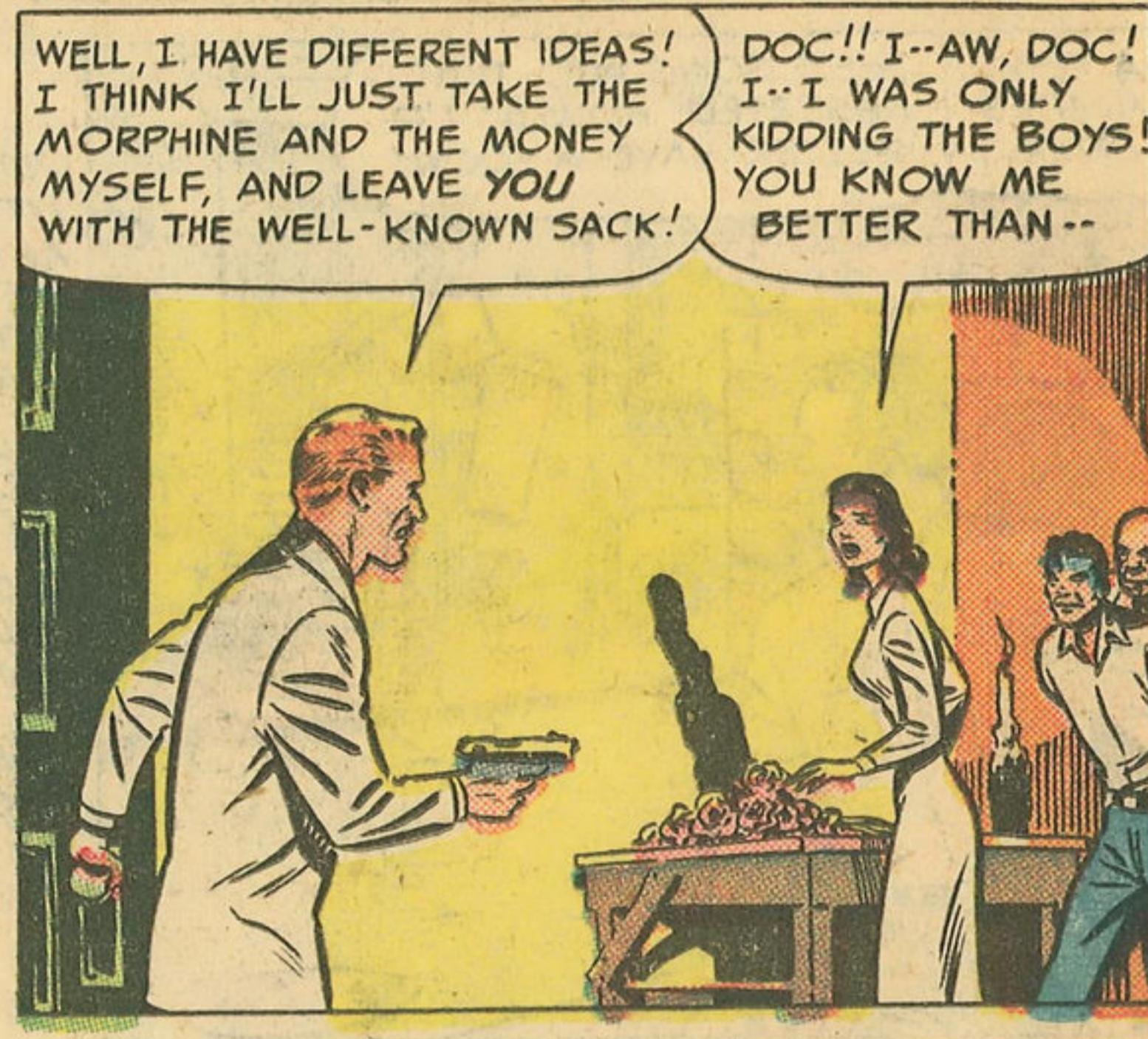
QUIETLY,
LITTLE
AL CLIMBS
THE
RICKETY
STAIRS
TO THE
SECOND
FLOOR
OF THE
OLD
HOUSE.
HE FINDS
A
LIGHTED
ROOM...

MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THEY'VE BEEN
SMUGGLING OUT THE MORPHINE IN THE
HOLLOWED-OUT STEMS OF FLOWERS!
AND THOSE ARE THE SAME MUGS WHO
TACKLED ME YESTERDAY! WELL, HERE
GOES...



ALL RIGHT, BOYS--
GET 'EM UP!
THE SNOOPER
AGAIN!





WE'LL BEAT THE MURDER RAP YET, BOYS! COME ON--TIE A ROPE TO THIS COPPER'S ANKLES, AROUND THE CUFFS OF HIS PANTS WHERE THE ROPE MARKS WON'T SHOW! THEN HANG HIM UP BY HIS FEET TO THAT BEAM UP THERE, WHERE THE PLASTER'S BUSTED!

WHAT TH--?
LET GO,
YOU APES!

NEVER MIND HIS HANDS! I'LL LIGHT A FIRE RIGHT UNDER HIM AND HE'LL SUFFOCATE LONG BEFORE HE CAN UNTIE THE KNOTS! WHEN THE FIRE BURNS THE ROPE AWAY, IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

YOU SURE ARE
A LITTLE SWEET-
HEART! - FULL OF
SUCH CUTE
TRICKS!

I'LL LEAVE THE EMPTY GUN--THEY'LL THINK HE SHOT DOC, AND DIED IN THE FIRE! SO LONG--SUCKER! COME ON, BOYS, OUT THE BACK WAY!

SHE'S RIGHT! I'LL INHALE TOO MUCH SMOKE BEFORE I CAN UNTIE THIS ROPE! BUT THEY LEFT THE CANDLE. IF I CAN JUST REACH--

GOT TO--GET THE CANDLE! BUT I CAN'T LET IT GO OUT WHEN I GRAB IT! ONE MORE SWING AND I THINK--



LITTLE AL RACES TO THE BACK WINDOW OF THE SMOKE FILLED ROOM, AND ---

I'LL GET THEM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO. THERE THEY GO, DOWN THE BACK ALLEY! HAVE TO JUMP 'EM FROM HERE, OR THEY'LL GET AWAY!



A MOMENT LATER, IN THE ALLEY ---

IT'S HIM AGAIN! YA CAN'T KILL THE GUY!



I'LL MURDER THE LITTLE PUNK --- UUUUFFFFFFF!

I'M NOT DOING SO BAD FOR A GUY JUST OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, HUM?



AWRIGHT, SHORTY! A BUSTED SKULL OUGHTA STOP YA -- UGGGHHHHH!

DON'T CALL ME SHORTY! I GET ANNOYED!



OKAY, GIRLIE! COMING QUIETLY?

NO! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! AND NEITHER WILL THE REST OF THE COPPERS OUT THERE!

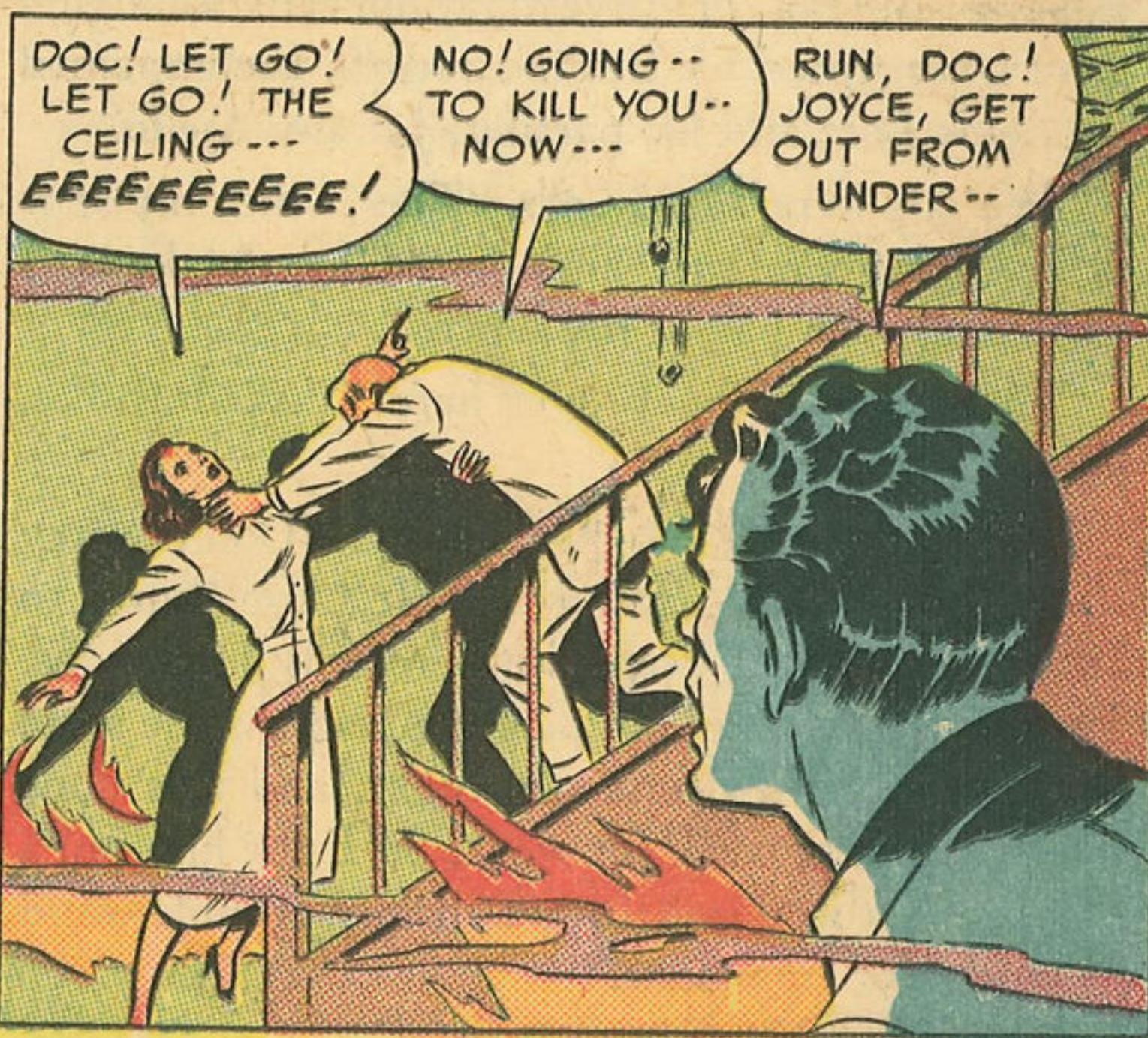
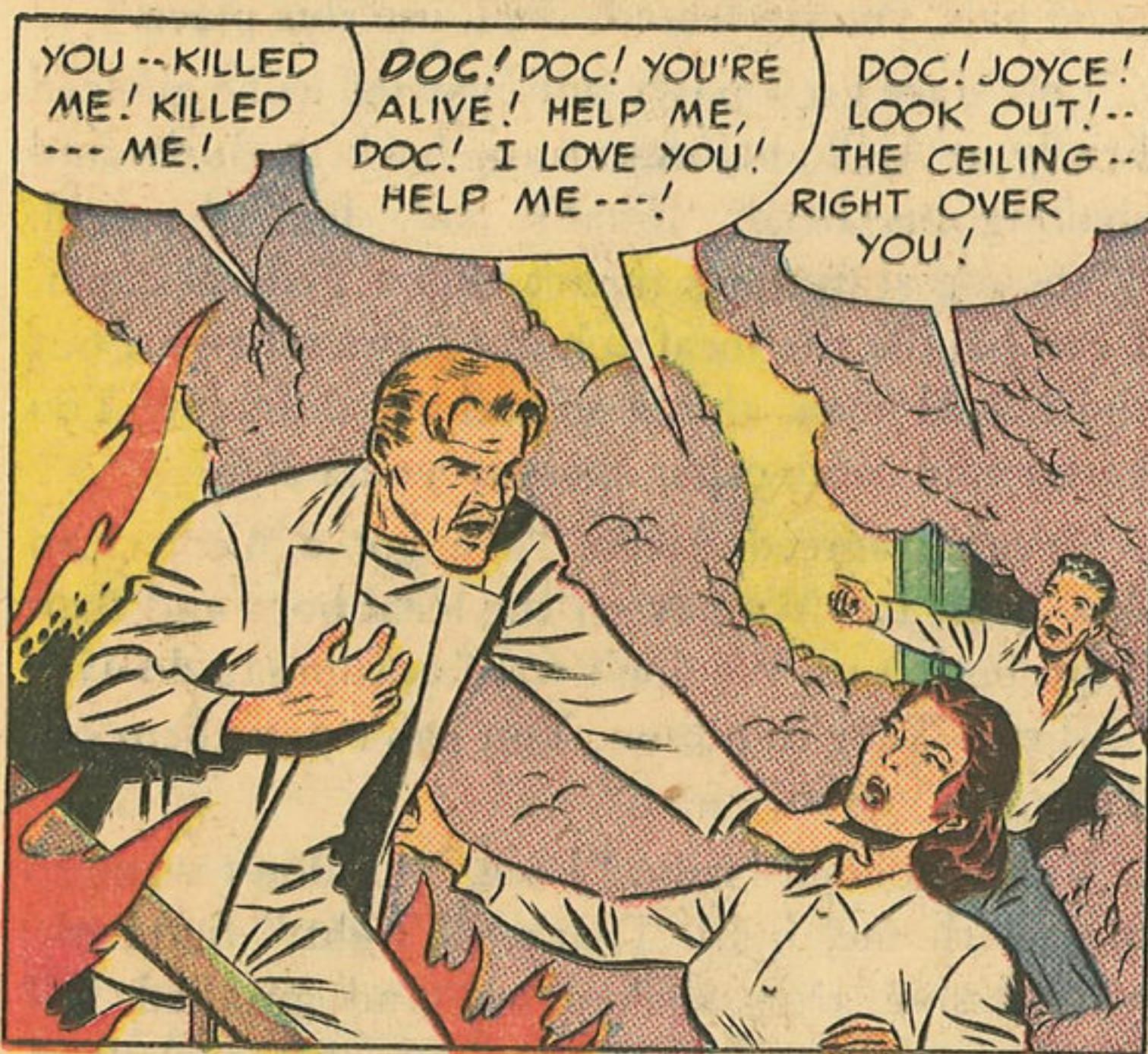
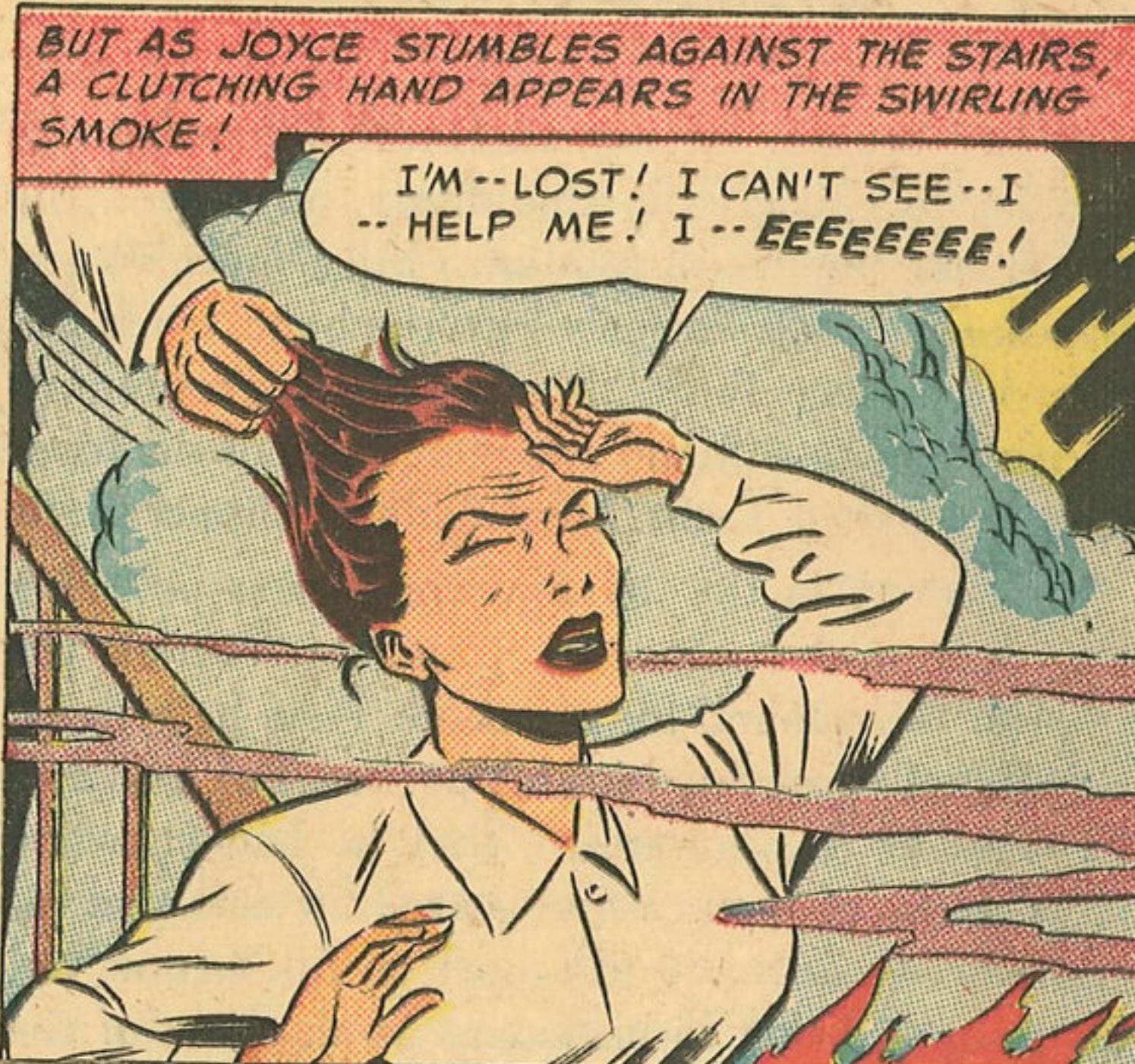


I'LL GET AWAY! YOU HEAR ME? YOU WON'T GET ME!

OH, YES I WILL, SISTER--IF I HAVE TO FOLLOW YOU TO CHINA!



INSIDE THE BURNING HOUSE, LITTLE AL FOLLOWS
THE FEAR-CRAZED, HYSTERICAL MURDERESS
THROUGH THE BLINDING SMOKE---



BILL GETS HIS REVENGE

"Hey, stupid, tie my shoelace! What kind of service do you give in this dump, anyway?" Big Joe Burke shoved his foot onto Bill Dineen's knee, his heel grinding savagely into the bone, while Bill knotted his lace. Burke flipped a quarter contemptuously over to Bill and swaggered out of the foyer into the bar of Louis Lotz' Golden Slipper Cafe.

Bill, alone in the foyer where he was polishing the door in his capacity as porter, twirled the quarter in his hand for a second. Then he grinned wryly and slipped it into his pocket. For a second he thought in amusement that he had shown a clear profit of twenty-five cents, but this was income he would have to report on his income tax blank in addition to his salary as an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. His thoughts were interrupted by Burke's return, accompanied by Louis Lotz and his partner, Johnny Ajello.

"We talk here," said Lotz. "This is the only spot in the joint I'm sure ain't wired by the Feds. I don't trust the bar or my office."

"How about Dopey over here?" asked Burke, pointing to Bill.

Lotz and Ajello laughed loudly. "Don't worry about him," Lotz answered. "He's too dumb to know he's alive. I keep him here only for laughs. The last guy we had got picked up across the state line for rolling a drunk one night, and this dope showed up last week for work. So I put him on. I figure he's too dumb to get in any trouble—and he works for tips alone."

Burke grabbed Bill's right arm in a gorilla-like grip and twisted slowly and cruelly, forcing Bill down onto his knees. "Listen, slob," he gritted "maybe Louis thinks you're all right. But me, I don't take any chances. If you want to stay alive, you keep your trap shut about anything you hear or see around here. D'you get me?"

Bill, forced to the ground by the relentless pain of his arm twisted behind his back, nodded. He forced his voice to retain the thick overlay of stupidity which was his only disguise since coming to work at Louis Lotz' place, where the FBI had figured Joe Burke would eventually show up. Bill stammered: "Gee, Boss, you got muscles! Boy, I bet you're the strongest guy in the whole world!" And as Burke released his hold, Bill shuffled to his feet, forcing a vacant grin and mumbling: "Thanks, boss, for showing me that trick! That sure is swell!"

Lotz grinned at Burke and shrugged his shoulders. "See what I mean?" he asked. "He's too dopey to know you hurt him! He ain't right in the head. Now, Joe, what's on your mind? What's the caper?"

Burke leaned against the wall and lit a cigarette, while Bill busied himself with mopping the floor and dusting the walls. "Here's the deal, Louis," Burke said slowly. "I'm hot. Me and my boys got a little too enthusiastic last week, and we forgot all about state lines when we knocked off a couple of banks and heisted three cars for our getaway. They're watching every one of my spots across the river, so I got to find a new place to operate from and bring my boys. You and me being such good pals, you're elected. We'll use this place."

Lotz' face grew pasty and worried as he glanced briefly at Ajello before turning back to Burke and shaking his head. "That's bad, Joe," he said. "Crossing state lines makes this a Federal caper. I can handle the local Johnny Laws all right, but those FBI men, that's something different. You better find some other spot for yourself."

"Yeah," agreed Ajello. "We got a nice, clean deal here, Joe. We pay off the local boys and they don't bother us. We don't want nothing to do with no Feds. They're poison. You can't pay them off. They run you in!"

Burke nodded lazily. "I see. You don't want to play with me, huh? That's all right." Suddenly his massive arms snaked out and grabbed Bill Dineen, yanking him close. Savagely he slapped Bill's head back and forth with vicious rights and lefts before balling his right hand into a fist and clipping him with a murderous rabbit punch on the back of the neck.

As Bill dropped to the floor, his head roaring and his heart pounding from the suddenness of the unprovoked beating, he heard Burke's voice coming as if through a thick curtain: "It's all right with me if you guys don't want to do business with me. Only—you see what Dopey got? That ain't nothing to what you'll get if I have any trouble with you! We're coming in. And for as long as we want to stay, we'll let you keep on running the joint. We'll even let you keep a little cut on the profits. And if you behave yourselves, when we're ready to move on, we *may* let you take over again!"

"Now, now, wait a minute, Joe!" stammered

Louis Lotz, as the big hoodlum gripped his arm and Ajello's. "Don't get sore! If you think this is the place for you, why, Johnny and me'll be glad to have you! Ain't that so, Johnny?"

"Oh, sure, sure," Ajello agreed hastily.

"Good!" Burke laughed shortly. "Glad to find you guys so friendly," he sneered. "I figured you would be, though. I was so sure of it that I told my boys to be here at eight tonight. That's just about an hour from now. But right now I want to know, where's your safe, Louis? And what's the combination? As soon as the boys get here with their load of what we heisted from the banks, I'll need the safe." Linking his arms in Lotz' and Ajello's, Burke drew them out of the foyer, pausing only long enough to look down at Bill and growl: "Hey, Dopey, clean yourself up and stop looking like a slob. Now that I'm a partner here, this place has to look neat and clean!"

When Bill pulled himself to his feet after the three had left the foyer, and looked at his face in the mirror, he shook his head. His face was puffed and swollen, his eyes almost completely closed. He went into the washroom, where he managed to get most of the angry red finger-marks off his cheeks by liberal applications of cold water, combed his hair and put on a fresh porter's uniform jacket to replace the one which he had been wearing, which was now all dirtied by contact with the floor.

After he looked clean and almost presentable again, Bill sidled into the kitchen, where he ignored the chefs and nodded to one of the waiters standing idly there. "Jimmy," he said wheedlingly, "please cover for me for a couple of minutes, willya, huh? Mr. Burke was just showing me some tricks, and I guess I got tired. I want a cup of coffee. Cover for me, please, huh?"

The waiter nodded pityingly. "Okay, Dopey. Make it fast. I'll be getting busy in a couple of minutes." He strolled out.

Bill took a cup of coffee and ambled with it over to the back door of the kitchen. "Got to get some air," he mumbled. Nobody paid any attention to Bill as he seemed to have a little trouble with the door, which he opened and closed three times before he managed to pull it all the way open, releasing a flood of light into the night's darkness each time he opened the door.

Only Bill's ears, listening intently, caught the sound of a whippoorwill's call signalling from the thick tangle of trees which lined the outer side of the road, a call which was repeated in sequence

from the circumference of a large circle which completely surrounded the Golden Slipper. Bill, reassured, finished his coffee and shuffled back to the foyer.

At a few minutes after eight Bill was straightening the rugs at the entrance to the gambling room, empty except for two young blades who had just entered. Suddenly the door flew open, and Burke, Lotz and Ajello came in, accompanied by four other hoodlums. "Outside, muggs," growled Burke, roughly grabbing the two young fellows and shoving them through the door.

"Now," said Burke to Lotz, "you've got the picture, Louis. Runt, here, stays in your office all the time, so he can keep an eye on the safe. Me and my other boys move into your apartment upstairs, and any time you or Johnny want to come up, you telephone first. Okay?"

"Okay," nodded Lotz sullenly, as Bill shuffled over to the wall, pulled back the heavy drapes and yanked the window open, admitting a blast of cold air, and releasing a flood of light. "Hey, cut that out, Dopey!" he yelled. "You want to freeze us?"

Burke grabbed for Bill. "I'll teach you to do dumb things like that," he rumbled, pulling his ham-like fist back.

But this time Bill didn't stand still. He twisted in a judo break and brought the back edges of both palms swiftly down on the sides of Burke's bull-like neck. The giant hoodlum's face grew white and pasty and he swayed like a chopped tree before he toppled to the floor with a crash.

For a second the others were petrified with surprise. As they recovered and made a dive for Bill, there came the shrill sound of sirens from all sides of the inn, and a brassy voice boomed through a loudspeaker: "This is the FBI! The place is surrounded! Come out peacefully with your hands in the air, or we'll use tear gas! You've got one minute to come out! You're surrounded!"

"They went that way, boys," murmured Bill, pointing to the door of the gambling room, as he yanked out his forty-five and herded out the batch of hoodlums now thoroughly cowed by news that the FBI had caught up with them.

But Bill Dineen, being a thoroughly human being in addition to an agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, couldn't resist the temptation to put one foot on the prone, unconscious body of Joe Burke, and very calmly tie his own shoelace before turning his prisoners over to the FBI!

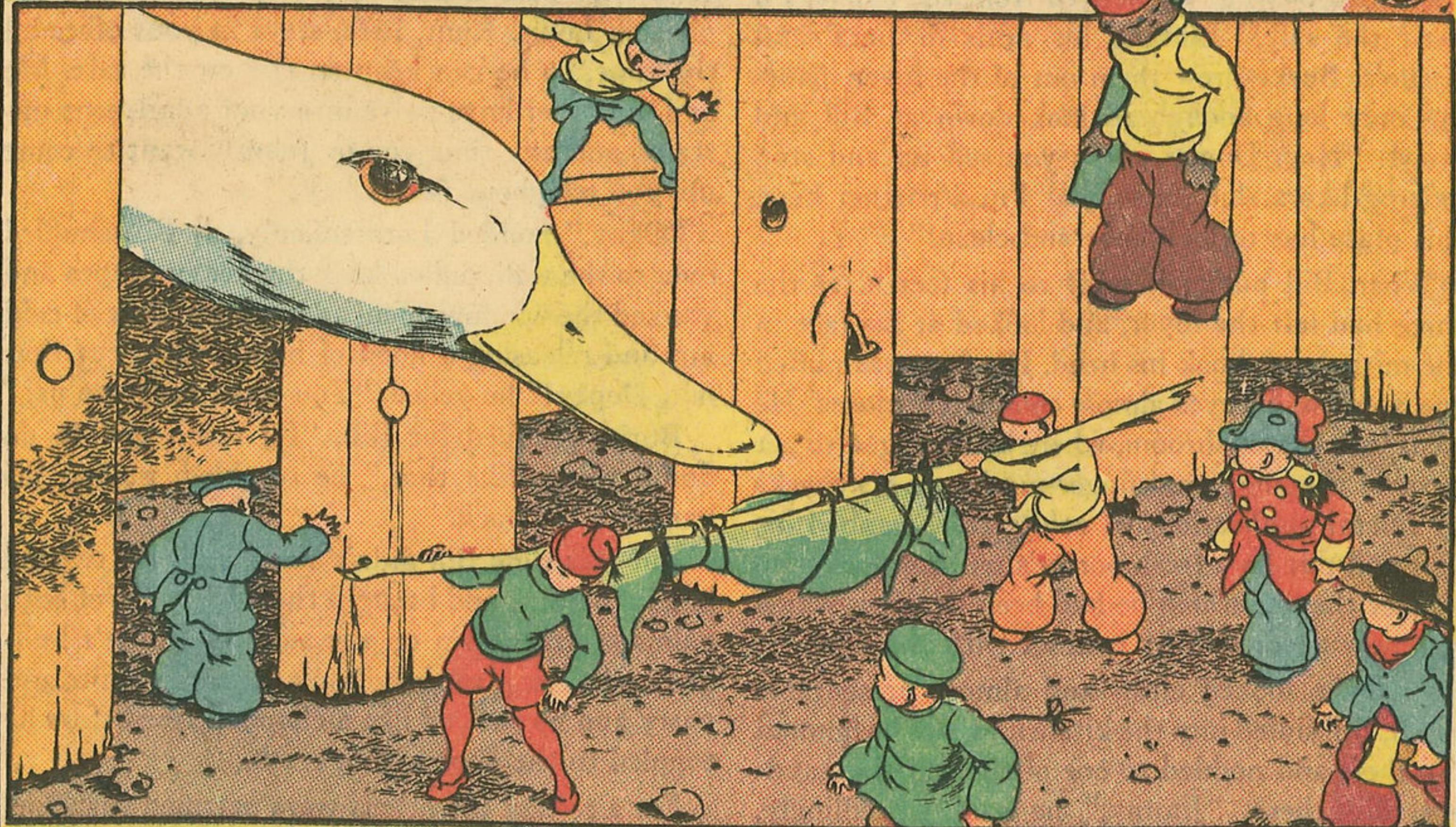
THE END

WOULD YOU CHANGE PLACES WITH

The TEENIE WEENIES?

NO. 11
NOW
ON
SALE!

BY M.M. DONAHUE.



Easter is just around the corner. The problem: NO EGG. The Chinaman, master of fowl languages, persuades the duck to trade one for a fish. So Gogo and the Turk land the prize catch of the season—a minnow! But how can THE TEENIE WEENIES move the giant egg? The General wonders. Neither the Cowboy nor the Cook knows. Not even the Policeman has an idea. Can they leave it to the Dunce? If you were one of these funny folk—barely knee-high to a grasshopper—what would you do?

Read every one of these mad, merry adventures!

IN THIS ISSUE:
22 DELIGHTFUL TALES
PLUS SPECIAL FEATURES:
JACK AND JUDY in
AN ADVENTURE AT THE FAIR
THE ENCHANTED CROWN

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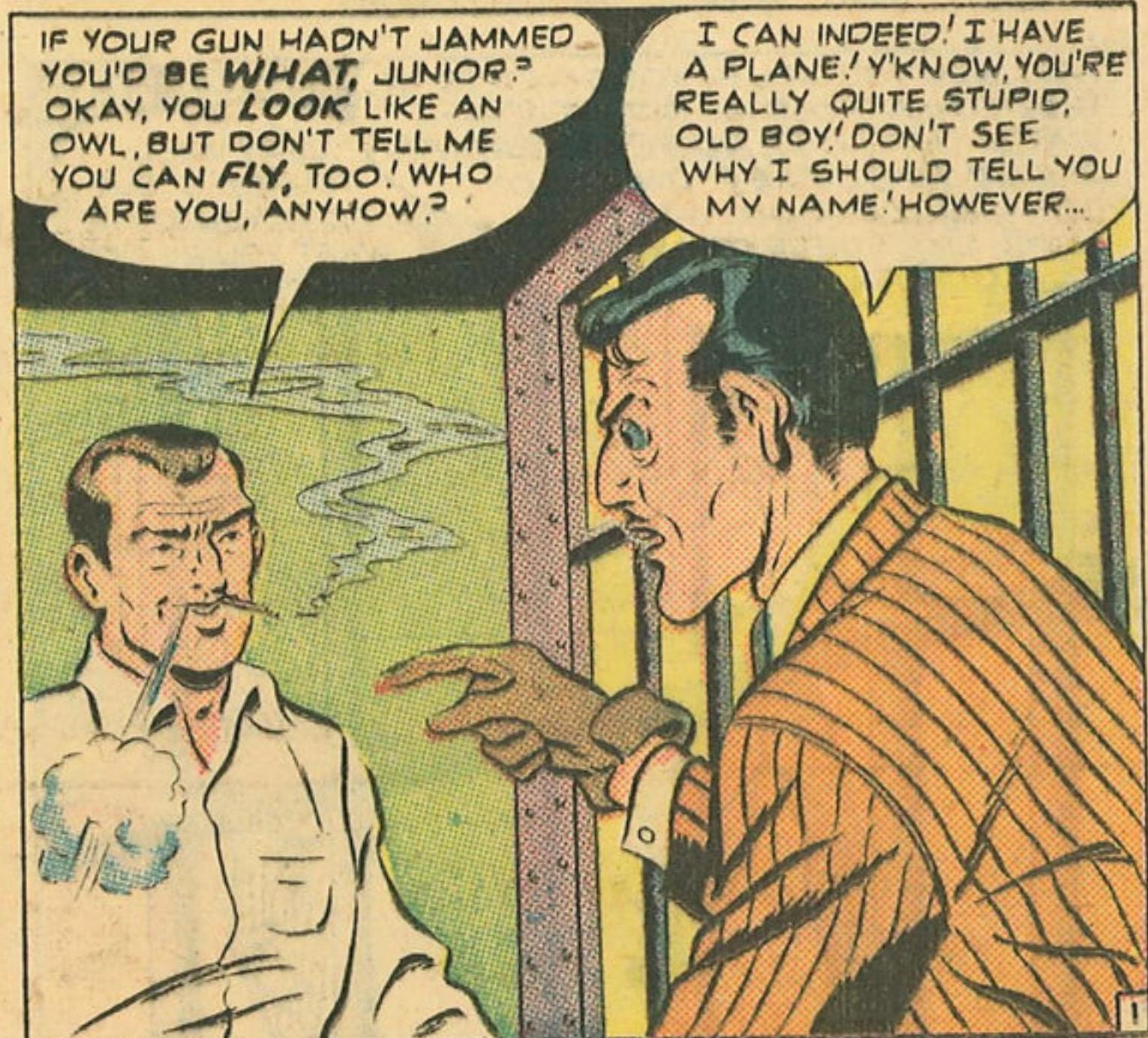
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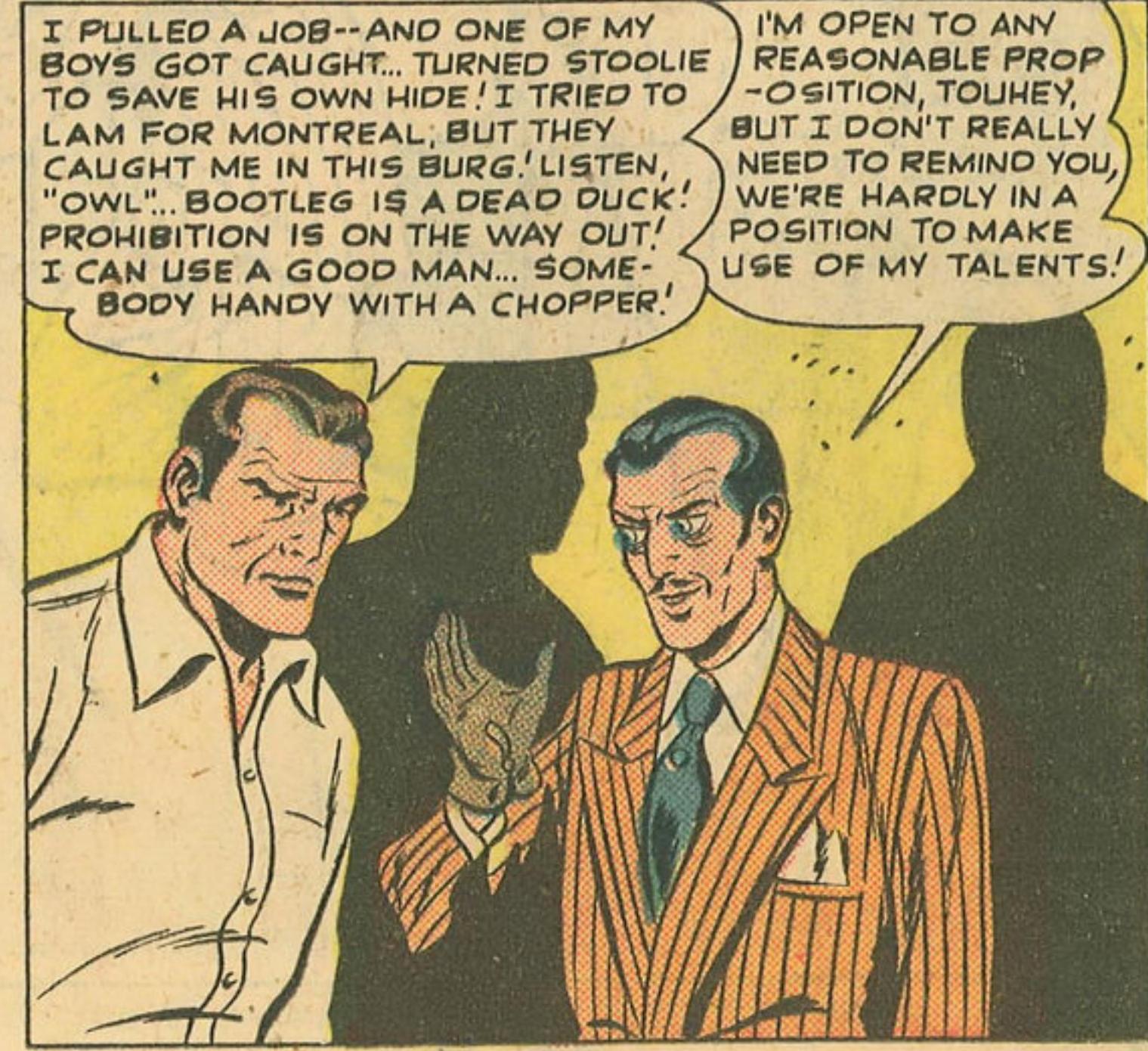
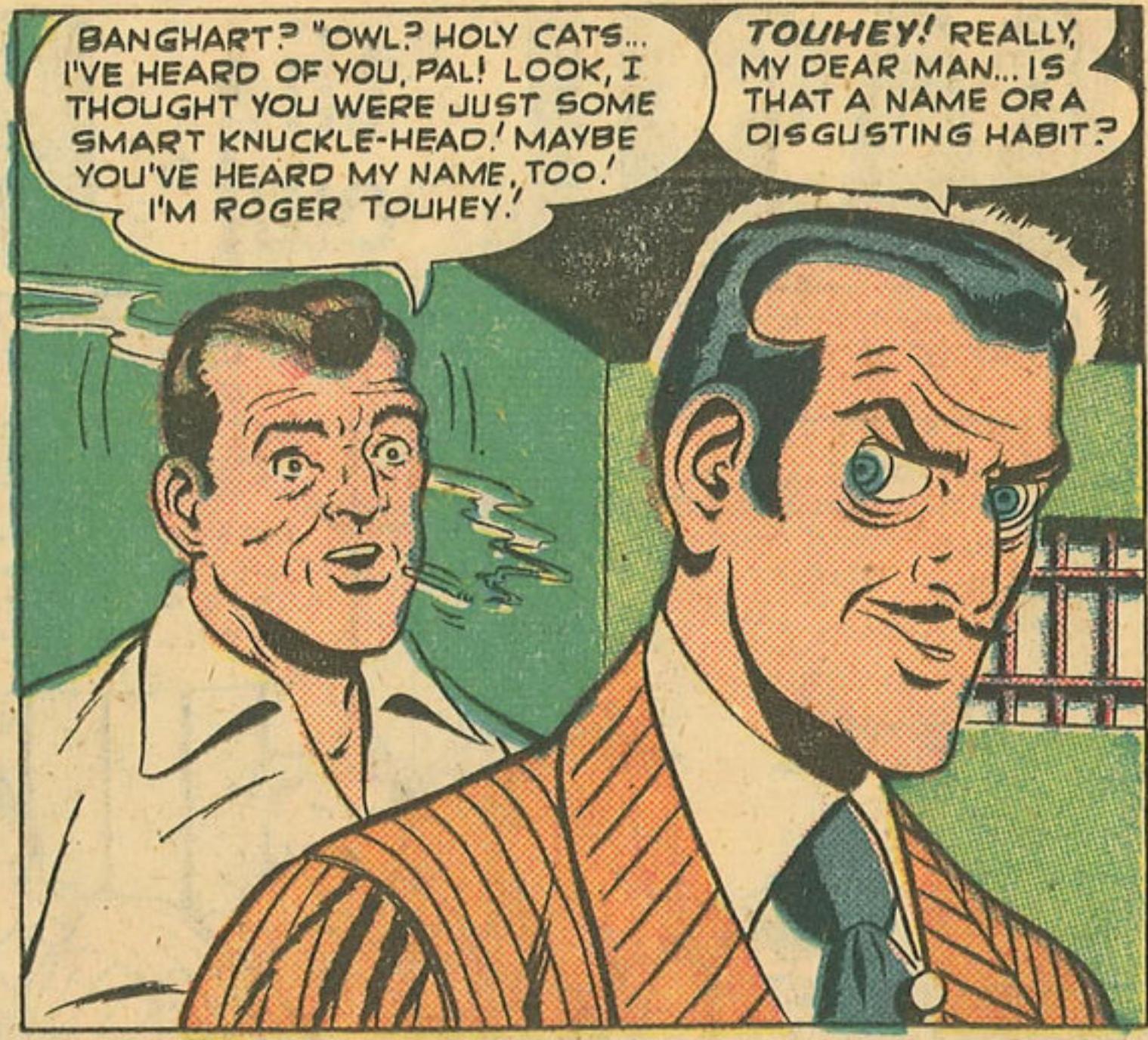
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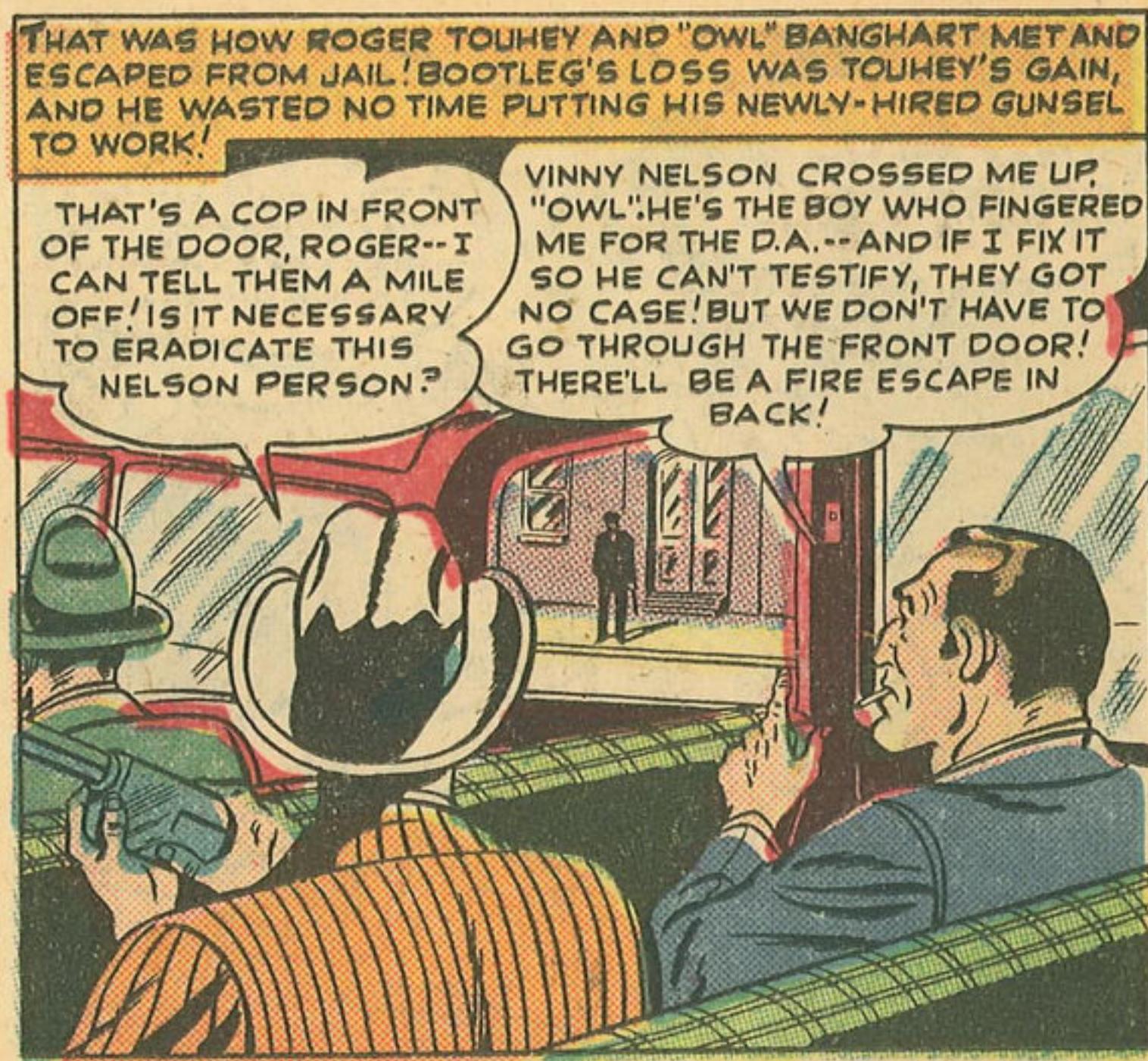
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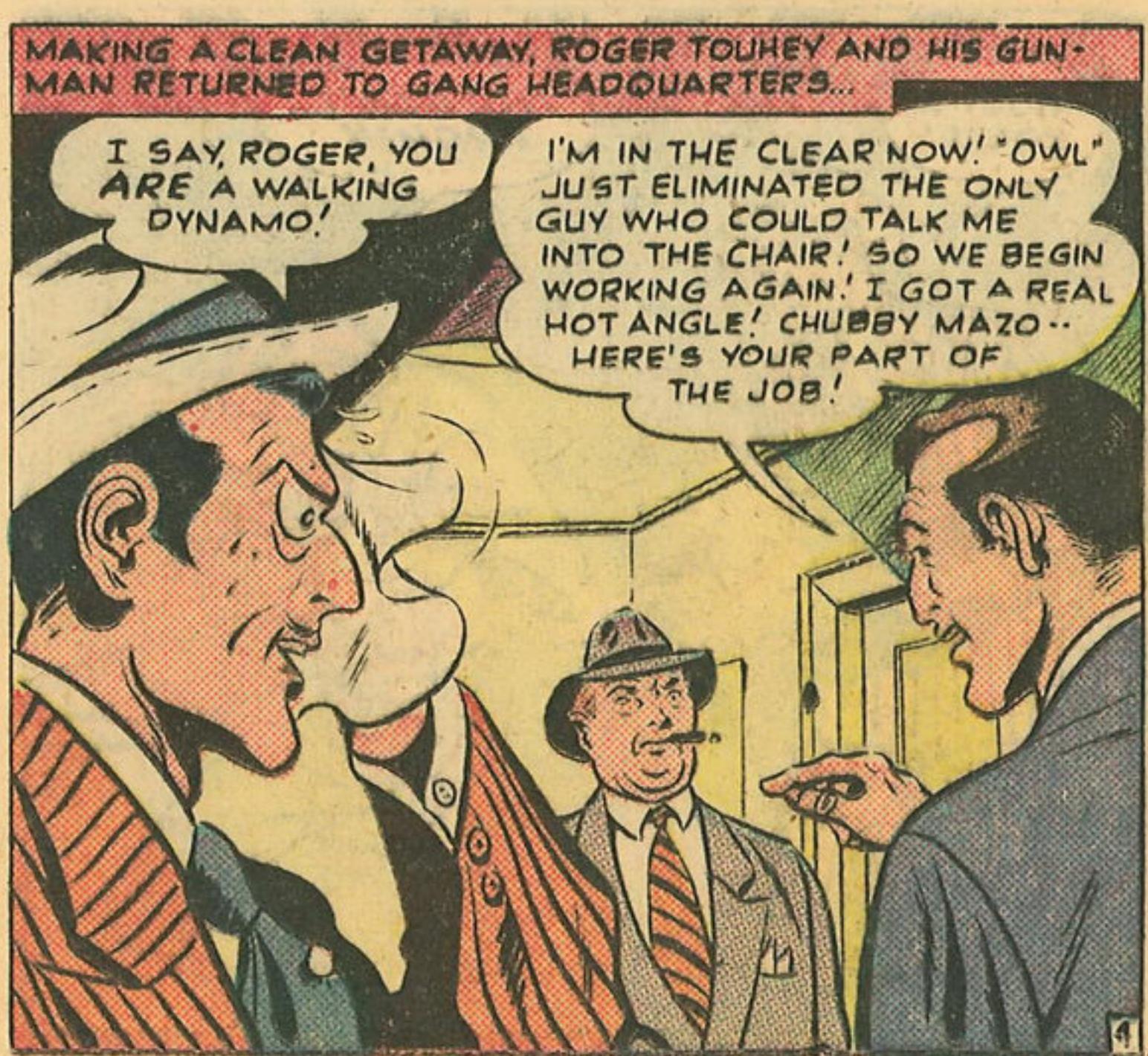
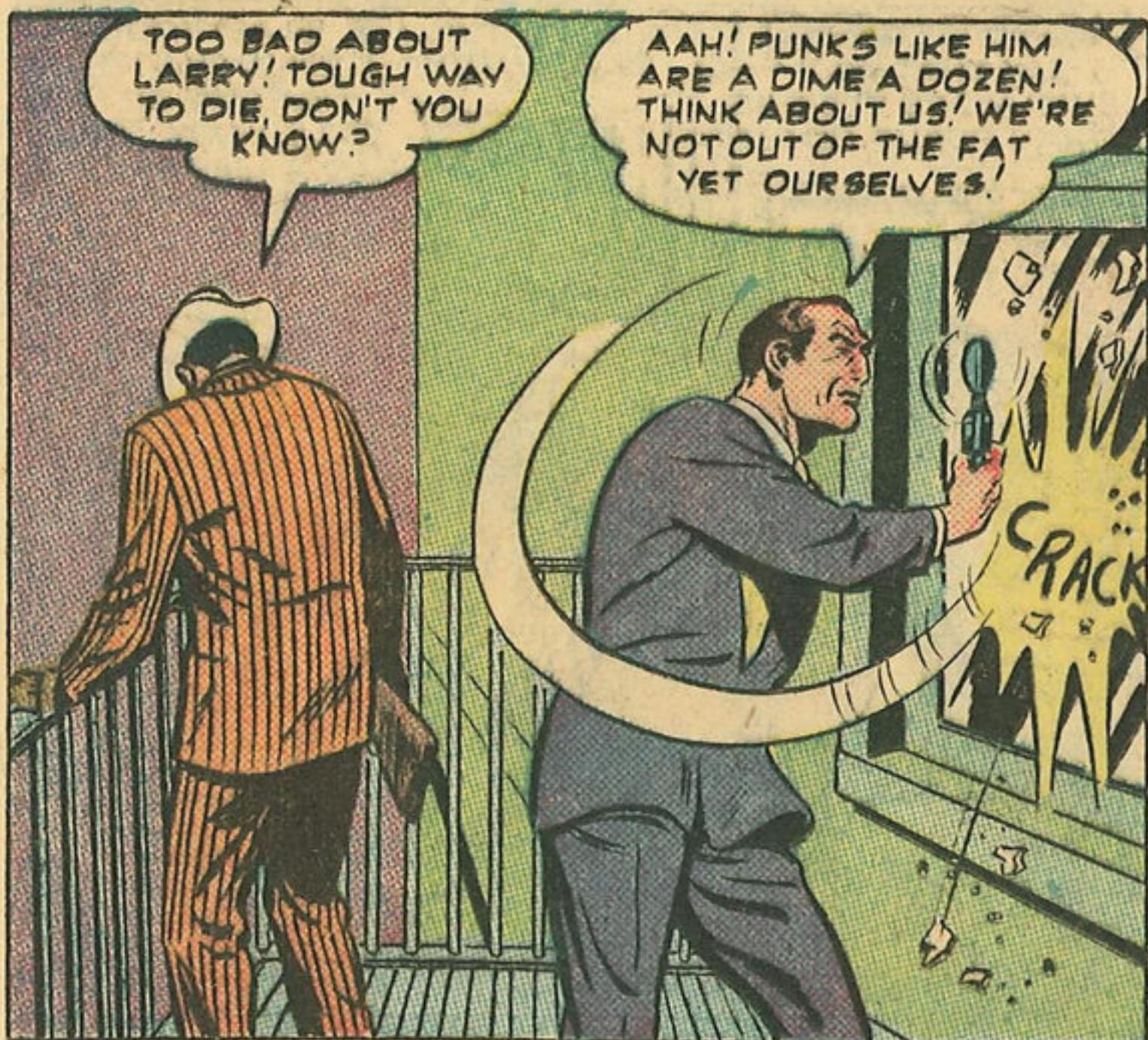
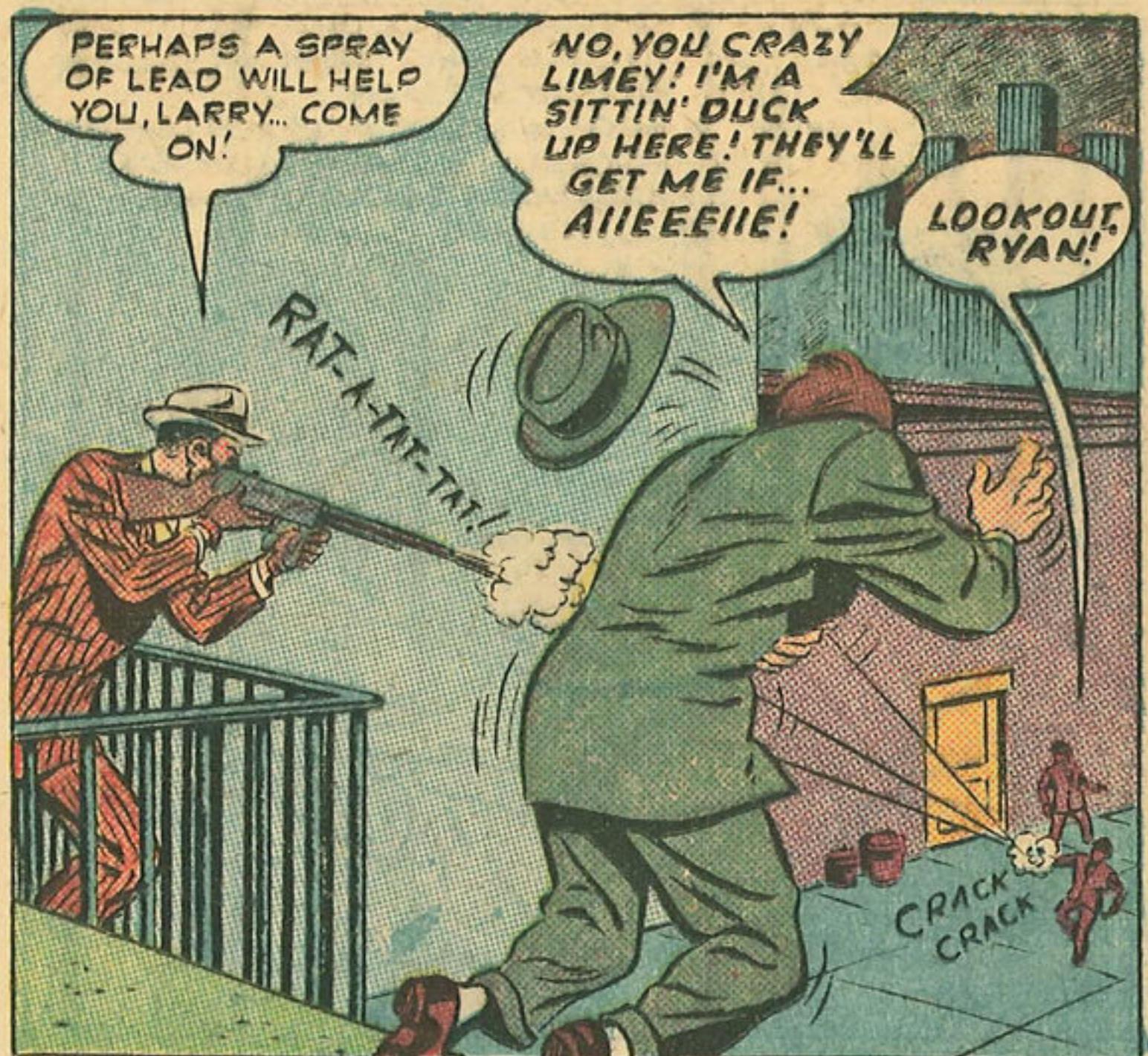
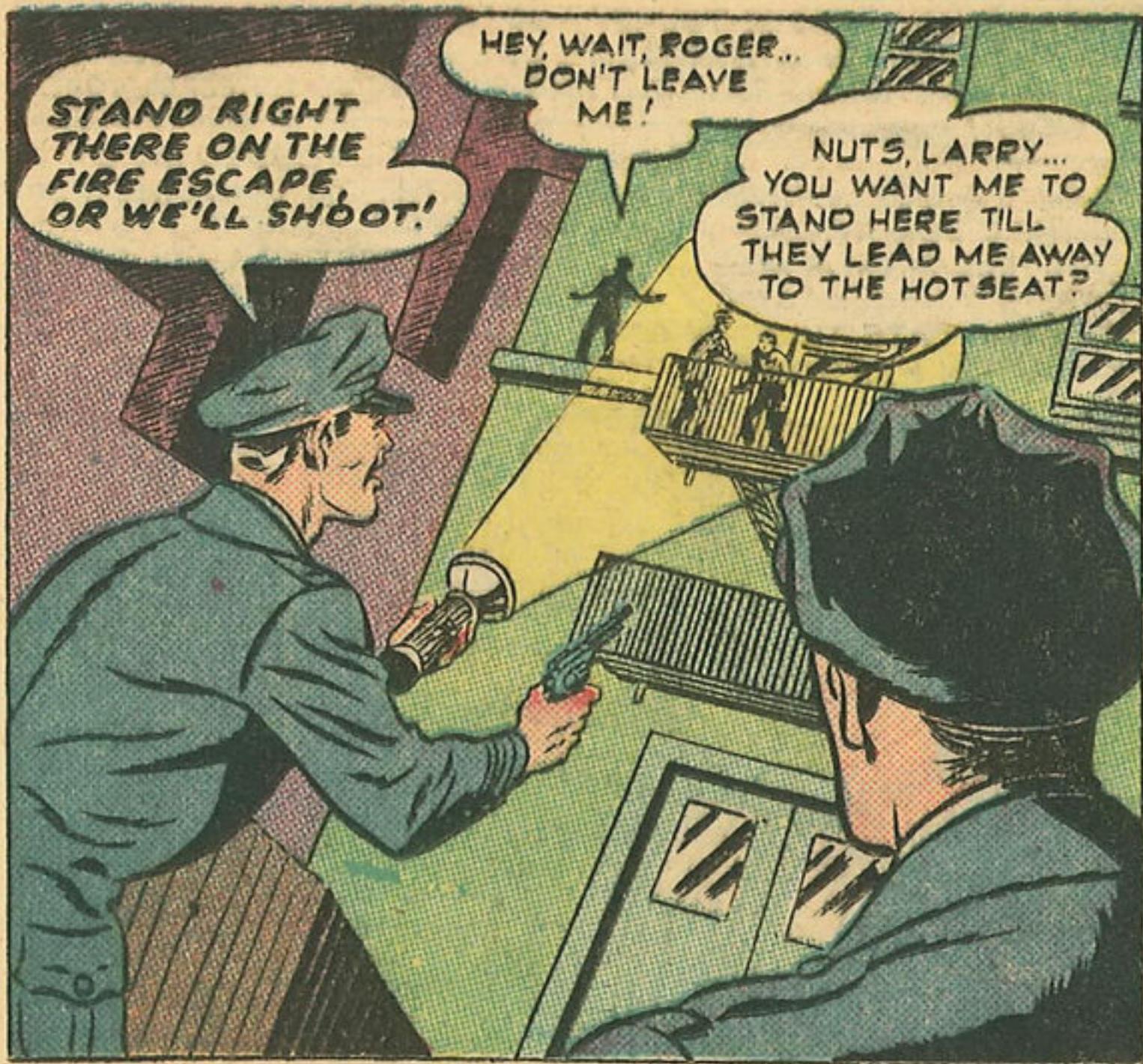
BASIL "the owl" BANGHART

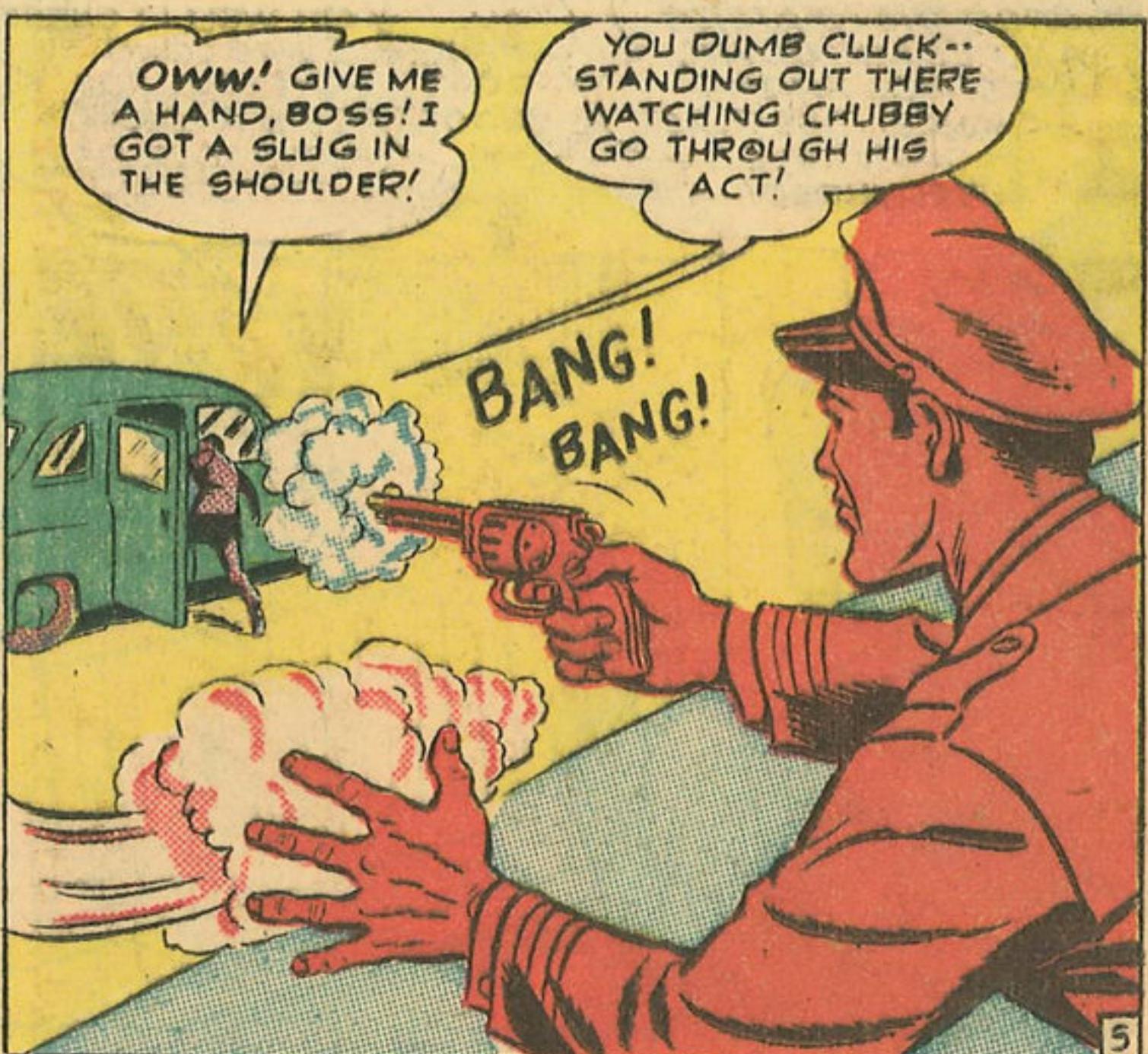
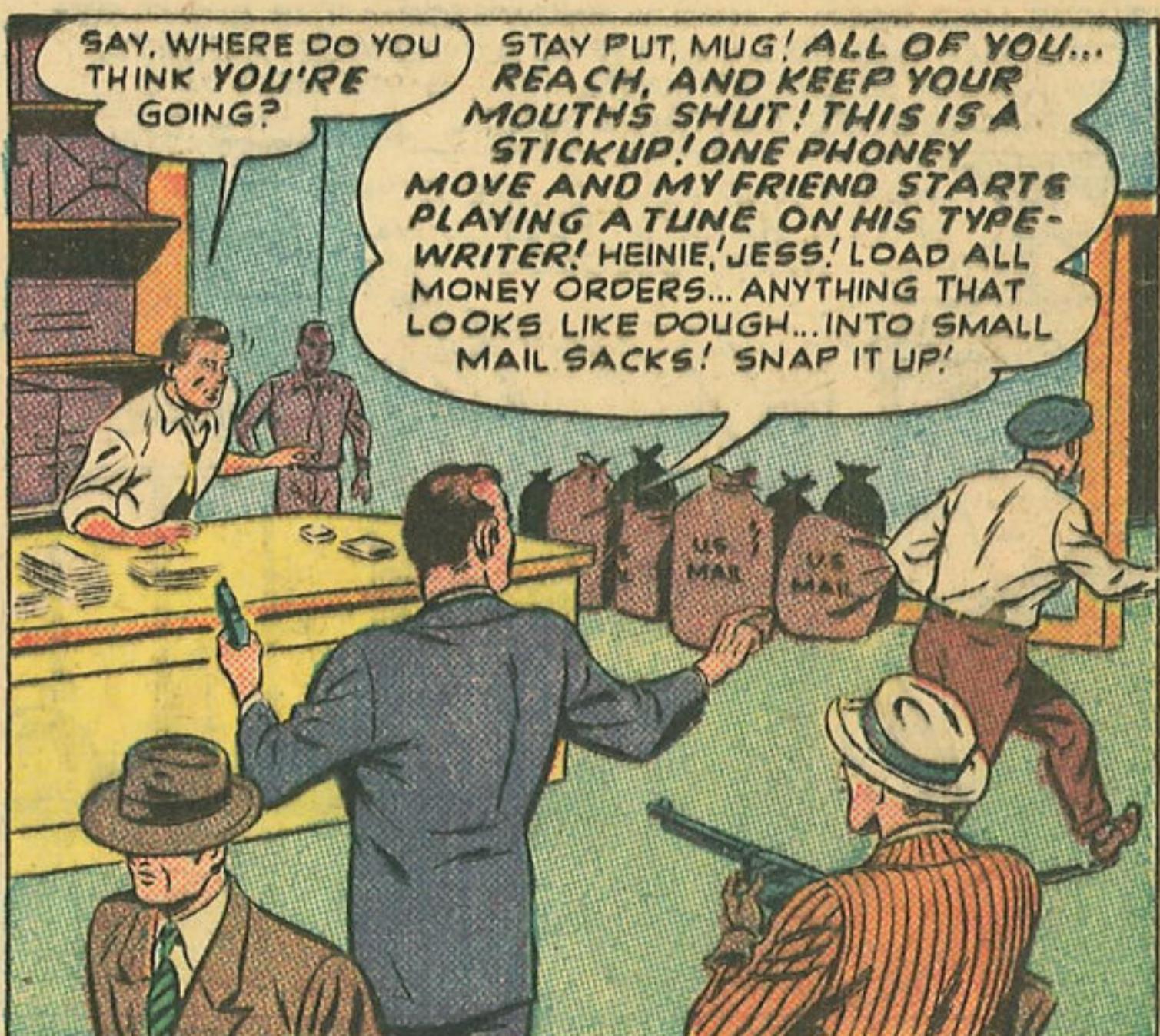
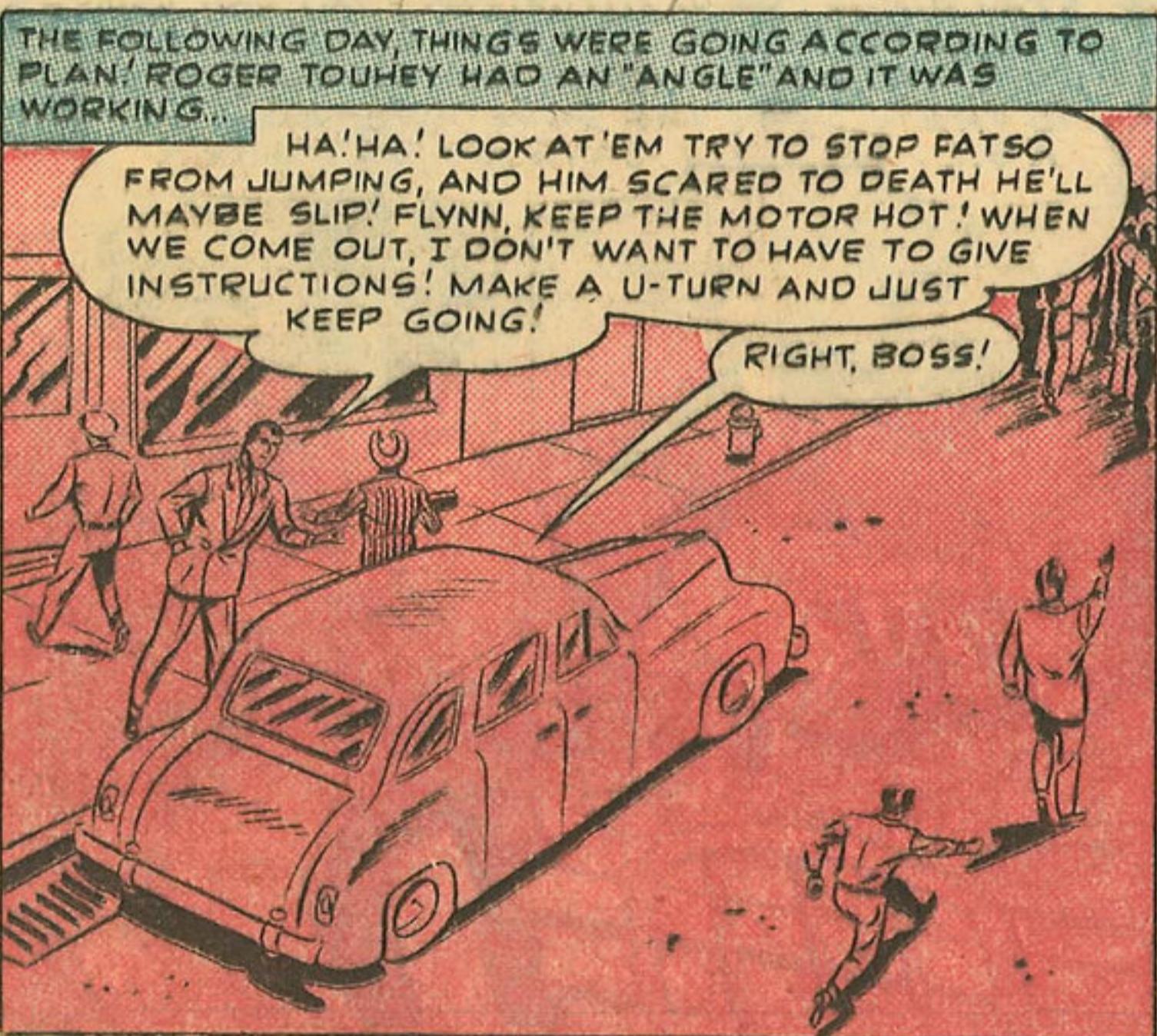
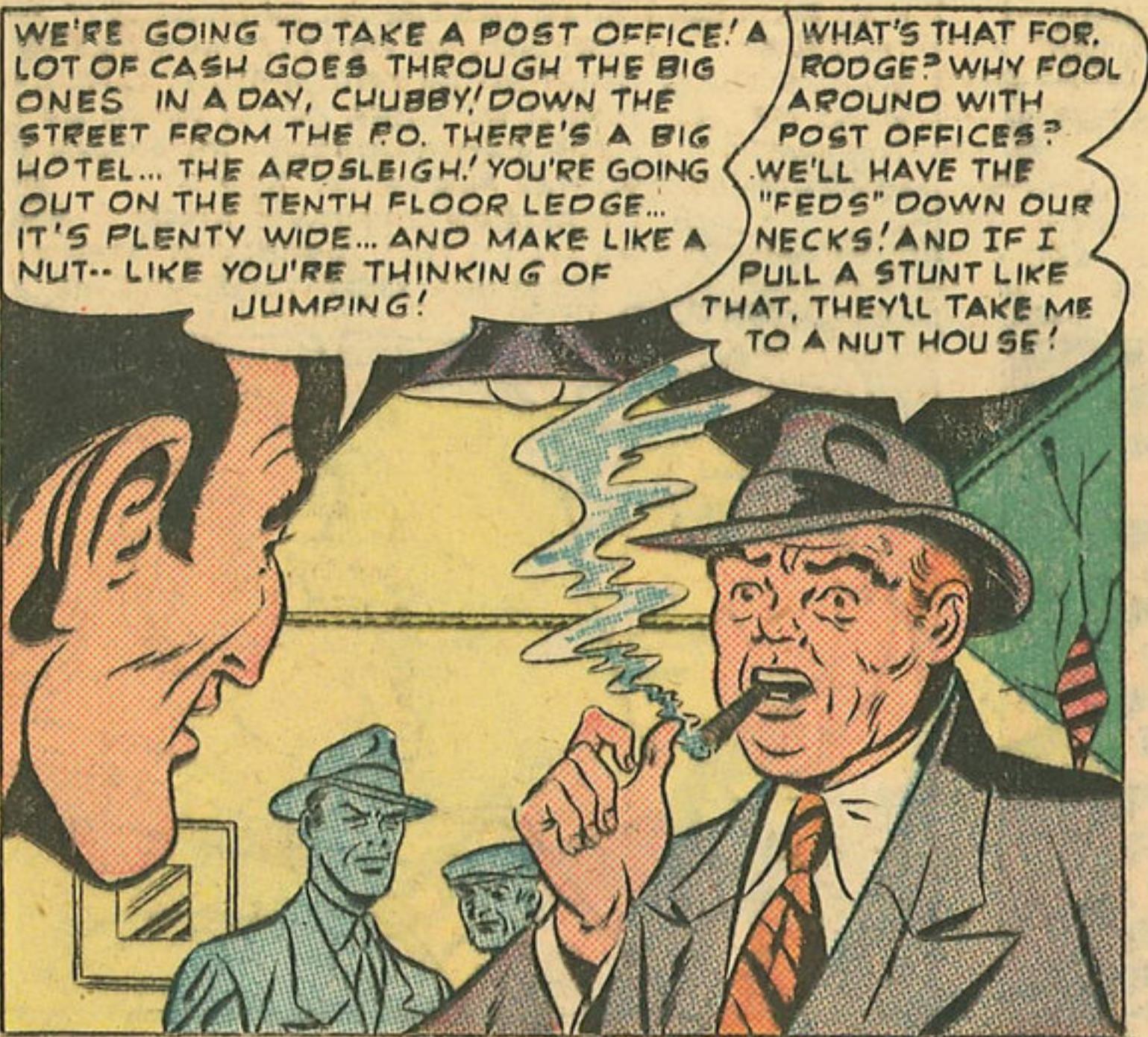
IT WAS EARLY IN 1932 WHEN INTERNAL REVENUE AGENTS FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH BASIL BANGHART, AND THEY SLAPPED HIM INTO A SMALL JAIL IN UPPER NEW YORK STATE--TO AWAIT TRIAL FOR ILLEGAL TRANSPORTATION OF LIQUOR...











A HALF-HOUR LATER, CHUBBY MAZO, SEEMINGLY CHANGING HIS MIND ABOUT HIS THREATENED "LEAP TO DEATH", RE-ENTERED THE HOTEL...

MAYBE YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD JUMPED, BIG BOY! THERE'S SOMEBODY HERE TO MAKE IT, PLENTY TOUGH ON YOU!

M-ME? WHY?

I'M DOYLE, F.B.I.! MISTER, YOU'RE IN A PECK OF TROUBLE! YOUR PALS JUST PULLED OFF A NEAT DEAL AT THE POST OFFICE... AND YOU'RE LEFT HOLDING THE BAG!

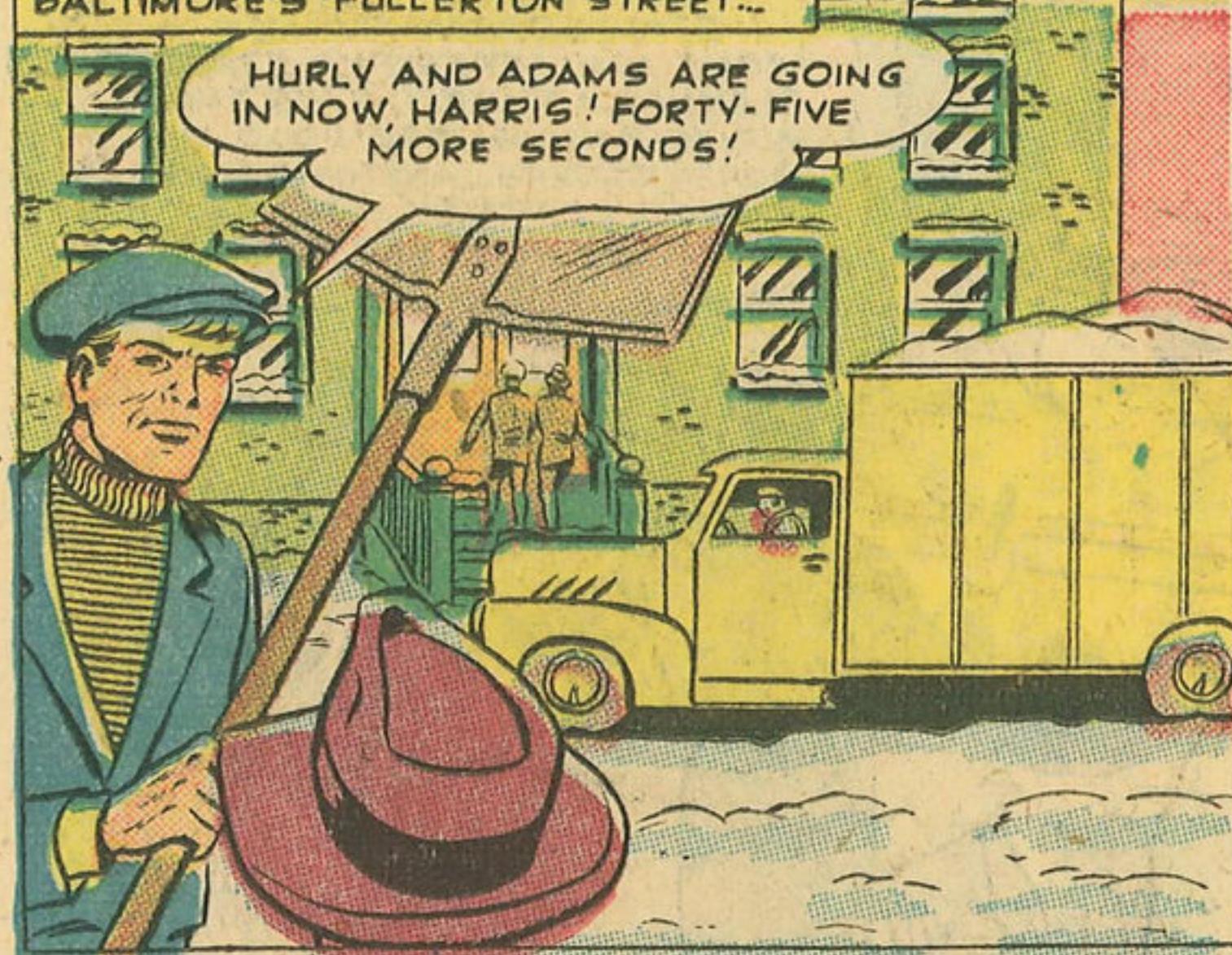
YOU BETTER TELL US WHERE THE REST OF THE GANG IS HEADING!

SURE, MISTER, I'LL OPEN UP, BUT YOU GOT TO PROTECT ME! YOU DON'T KNOW ROGER TOUHEY... HE'S TOUGH, HE GOES CRAZY WHEN HE GETS CROSSED! THEY'RE GOING TO 422 FULLERTON STREET, BALTIMORE! I KNOW 'CAUSE TOUHEY'S GOT A HIDEOUT THERE! NOW, YOU GOT TO COVER ME!



THERE HAD BEEN A HEAVY SNOWSTORM THE NIGHT BEFORE, AND THE F.B.I. USED IT TO ADVANTAGE! AGENTS, POSING AS SNOW-REMOVAL MEN, SWARMED INTO BALTIMORE'S FULLERTON STREET...

HURLY AND ADAMS ARE GOING IN NOW, HARRIS! FORTY-FIVE MORE SECONDS!



STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE... THIS IS THE F.B.I.

YAAH! WHAT'D I TELL YOU, "OWL"? THAT STUFFED RAT MAZO... I KNEW WHEN HE DIDN'T SHOW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG! HE SANG FOR THE G-MEN!

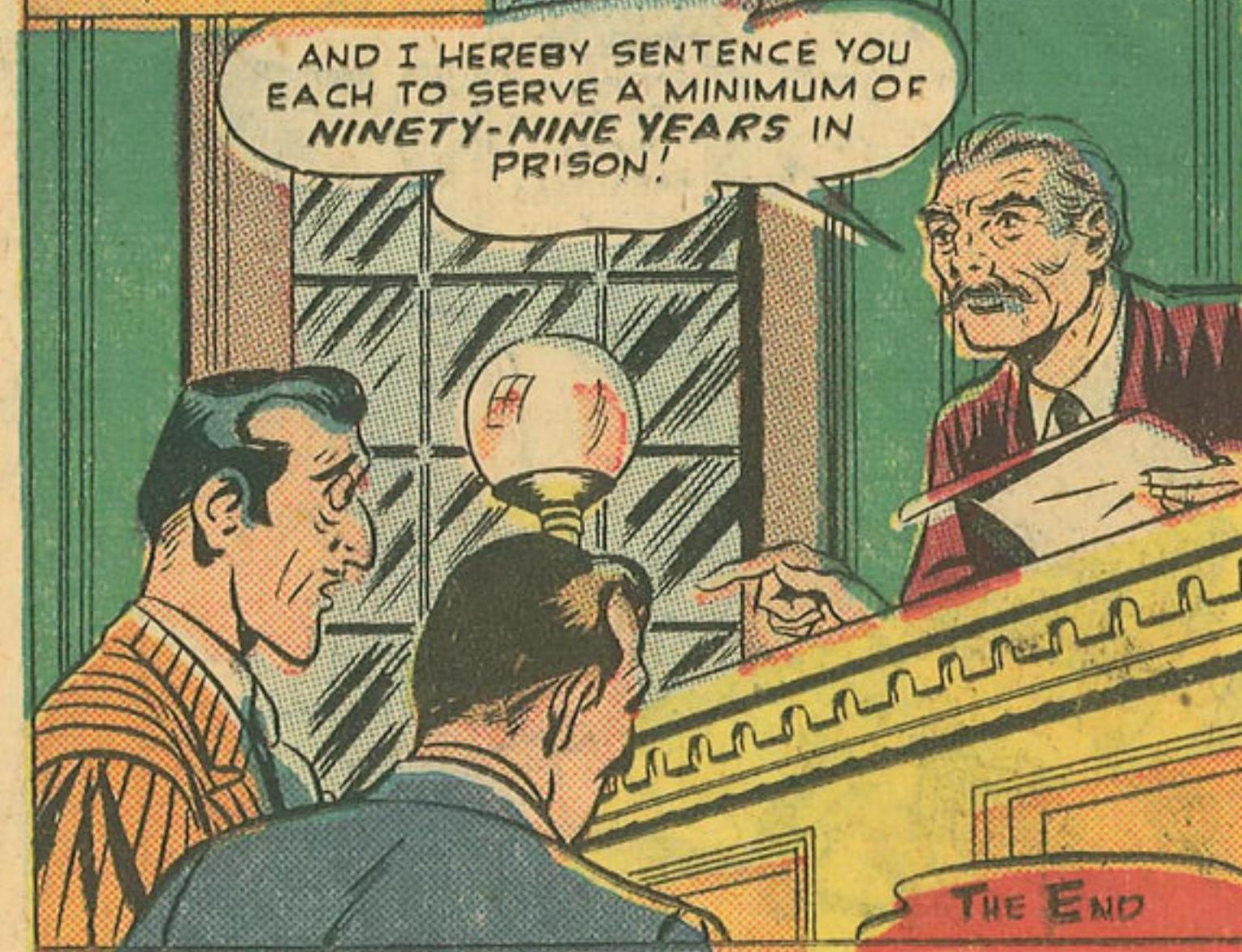


DROP THE HEATERS AND COME DOWN, BOYS! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE... THIS PLACE IS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED!

ALL RIGHT... DON'T SHOOT!

OH, WELL! I GUESS I WAS LONG OVERDUE FOR THIS ANYHOW! HOLD YOUR FIRE, GENTLEMAN!

THEIR TRAIL WAS SPEEDY, A JURY IN THE UNITED STATES COURT BROUGHT IN A VERDICT OF GUILTY, AND TODAY, ROGER TOUHEY AND BASIL "THE OWL" BANGHART ARE SERVING LONG SENTENCES...



Little Al of the F.B.I.

vs. "The DRONE"

TOUGH LUCK, OX! WE ALMOST GRABBED THEM! BUT THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

AND OUR FRONT TIRE SHOT FLAT AS A FLOUNDER SO WE CAN'T CHASE 'EM!

ON THE TRAIL OF A VIOLENT GANG OF INTERSTATE TRUCK HI-JACKERS, F.B.I. SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE AL CONWAY AND HIS AIDE, OX, FOLLOW A HUGE TRAILER TRUCK, HOPING TO TRAP THE GANG WHEN THEY STRIKE NEXT, BUT THEY ARE CAUGHT WHEN THEY MEET "THE DRONE!"

AFAIRD WE CAN'T DO HIM MUCH GOOD, BUT LET'S GET THE POOR DRIVER OUT OF THIS INFERNO!

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

HE'S COVERED WITH BEE-STING WELTS! ANOTHER ONE OF "THE DRONE'S" JOBS!

WATCH OUT! SOME OF THOSE PESKY BEES ARE STILL FLYING AROUND!

"THE DRONE" PLANTS A BEEHIVE IN A TRUCK CAB, WITH A TIME-BOMB ATTACHED, JUST BIG ENOUGH TO BURST THE HIVE AND ANGER THE BEES. THEY SWARM OVER THE DRIVER WHO GOES MAD WITH PAIN, LET'S GO THE WHEEL — AND BANGO!

PRETTY TRICKY, ALL RIGHT! THEN "THE DRONE" AND HIS GANG, FOLLOWING, TRANSFER THE LOAD TO THEIR OWN TRUCK!

WE'LL FLAG DOWN THIS CAR AND HAVE HIM STOP AT THE STATE POLICE STATION, SEND SOME TROOPERS DOWN HERE TO TAKE OVER, WHILE WE FIX OUR FLAT!



LATER THAT NIGHT, BACK AT THEIR F.B.I. DISTRICT OFFICE ...

SO YOU THINK THE BEST BET IS FOR YOU TWO TO TAKE A RUN WITH ONE OF THOSE ROAD WAGONS, YOURSELVES, POSING AS TRUCK DRIVERS? OKAY. IT'S WORTH A TRY!

THANK YOU, SIR! WE'LL START ARRANGEMENTS IMMEDIATELY!

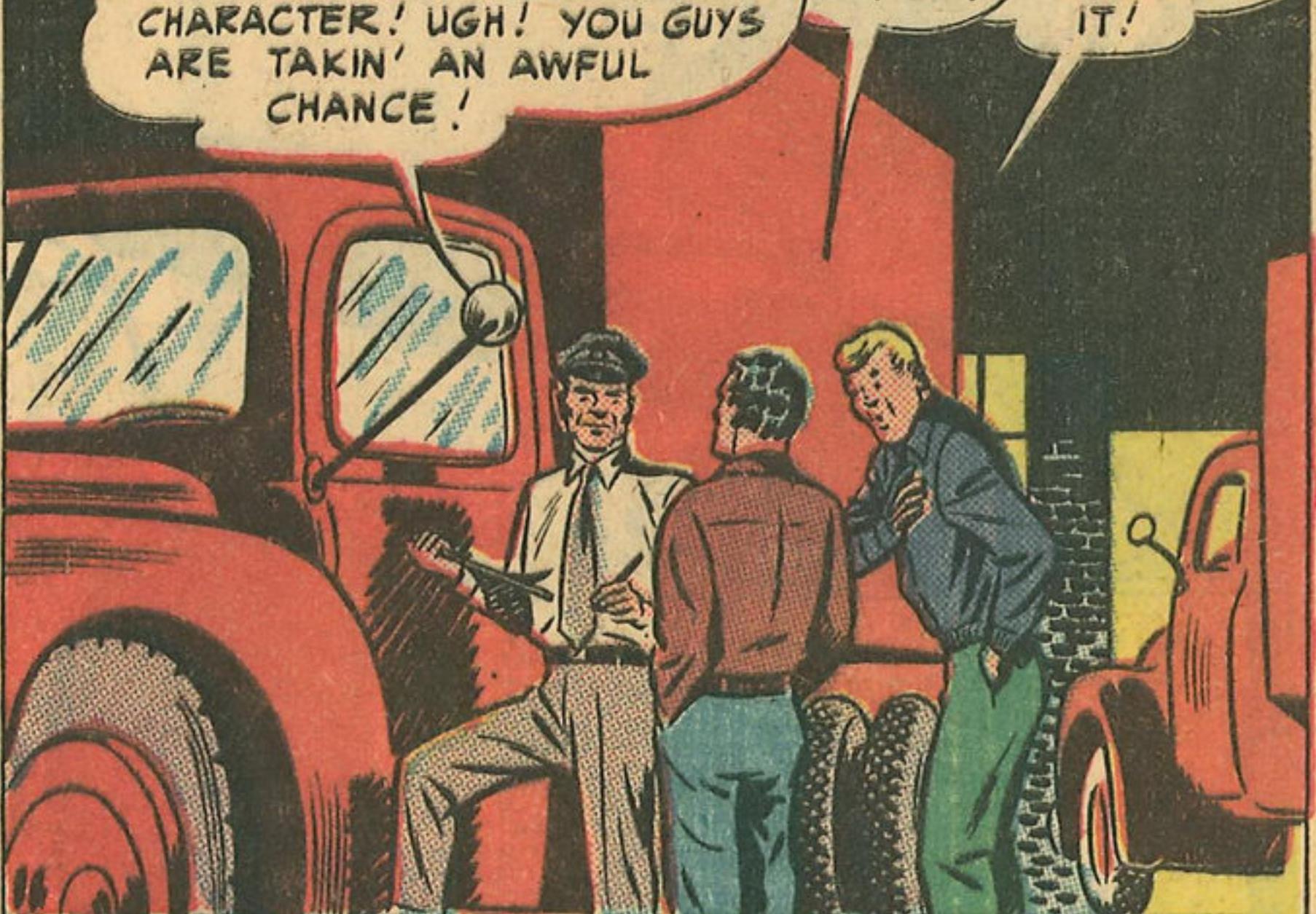


THE NEXT DAY...

ONE OF OUR DRIVERS LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HE TRIED TO OUTSMART THIS DRONE CHARACTER! UGH! YOU GUYS ARE TAKIN' AN AWFUL CHANCE!

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER, EH, OX?

PLEASE, BOSS, LET'S NOT JOKE ABOUT IT!



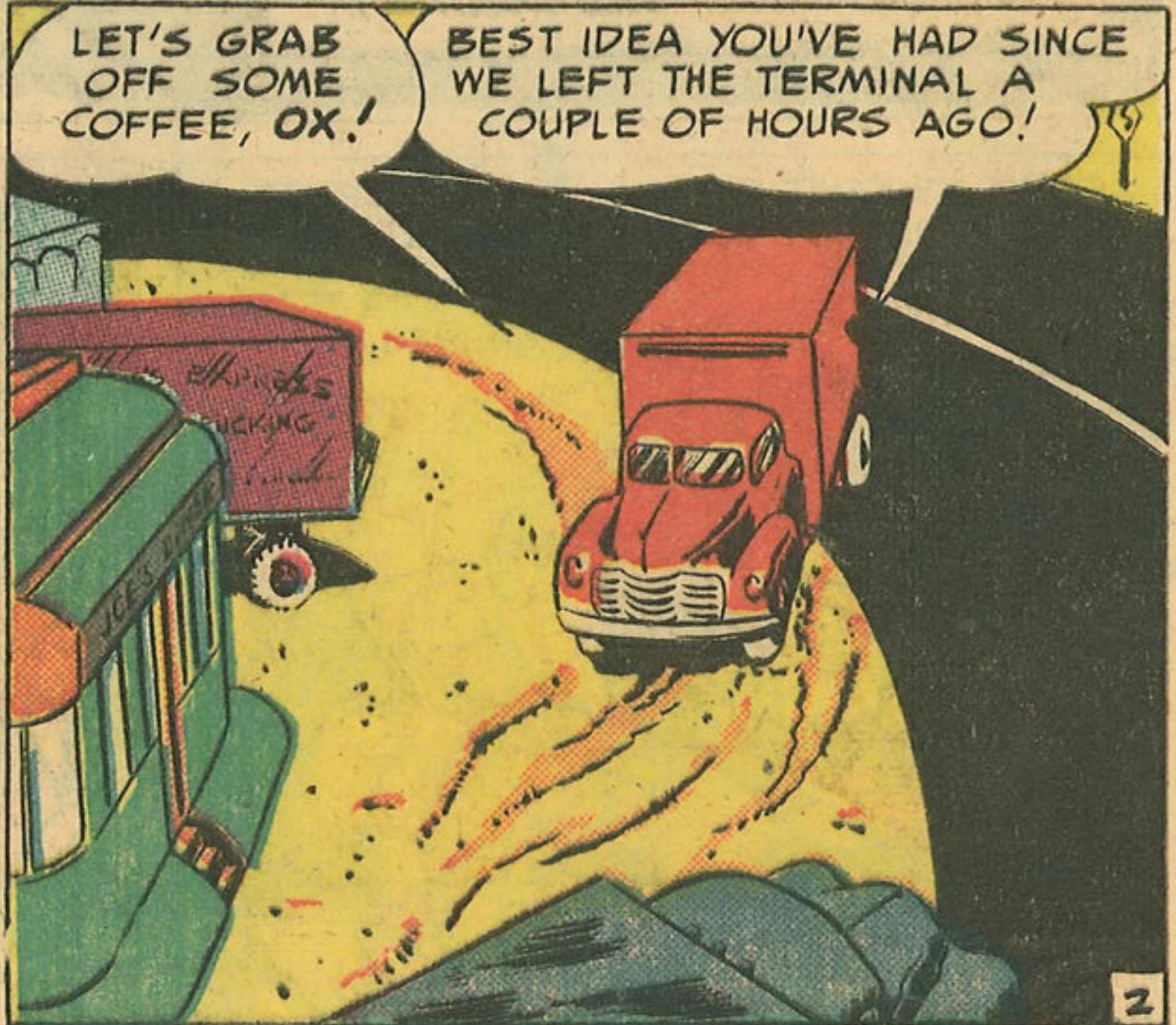
WORD HAS BEEN SPREAD ALL OVER TOWN THAT WE'RE CARRYING A CARGO OF SILKS WORTH ABOUT FIFTY THOUSAND! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO RESIST THAT!

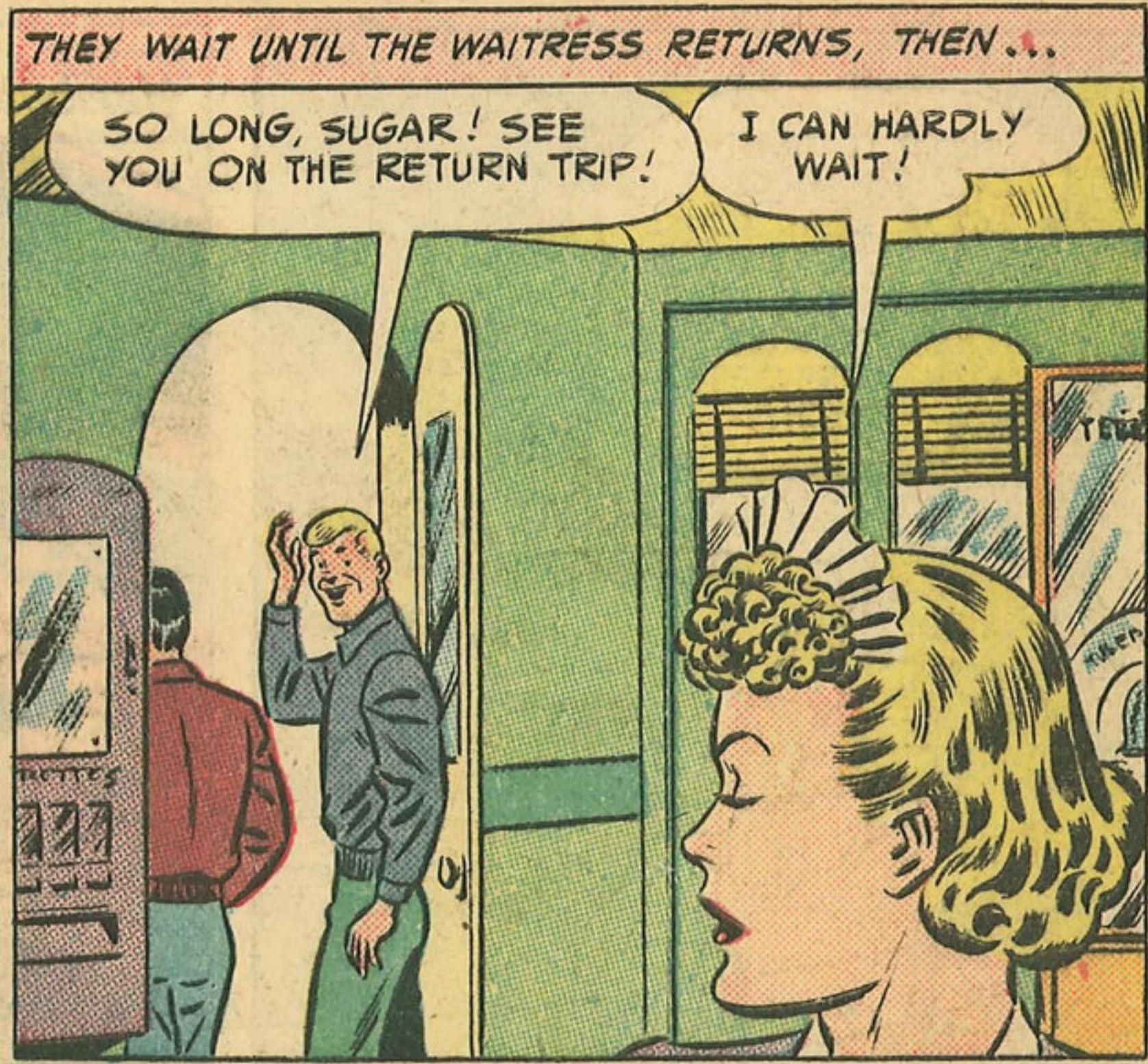
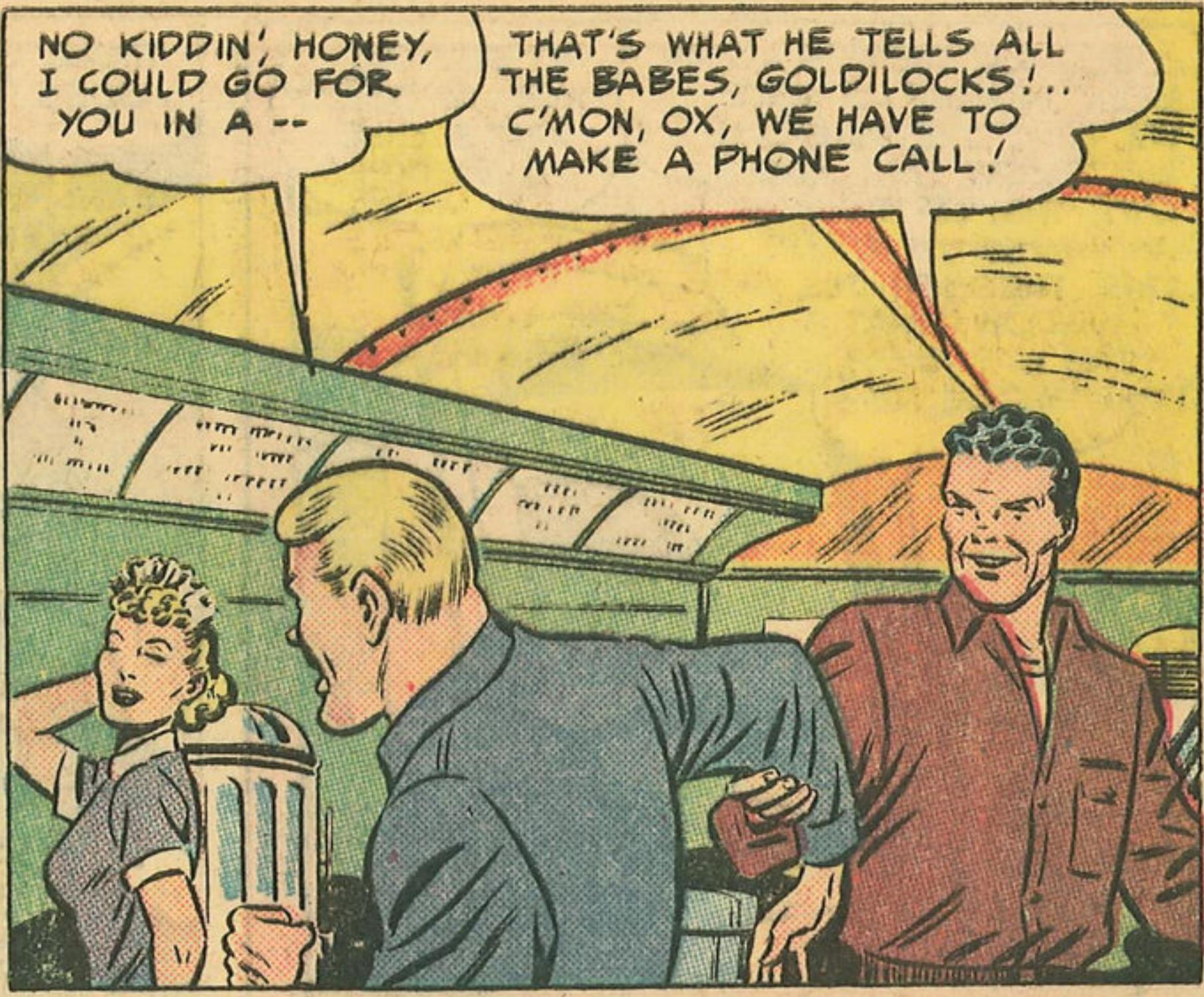
YEAH! BUT I HOPE THESE NETS AND GLOVES RESIST THE BEES' ATTACK... WHEN IT COMES!

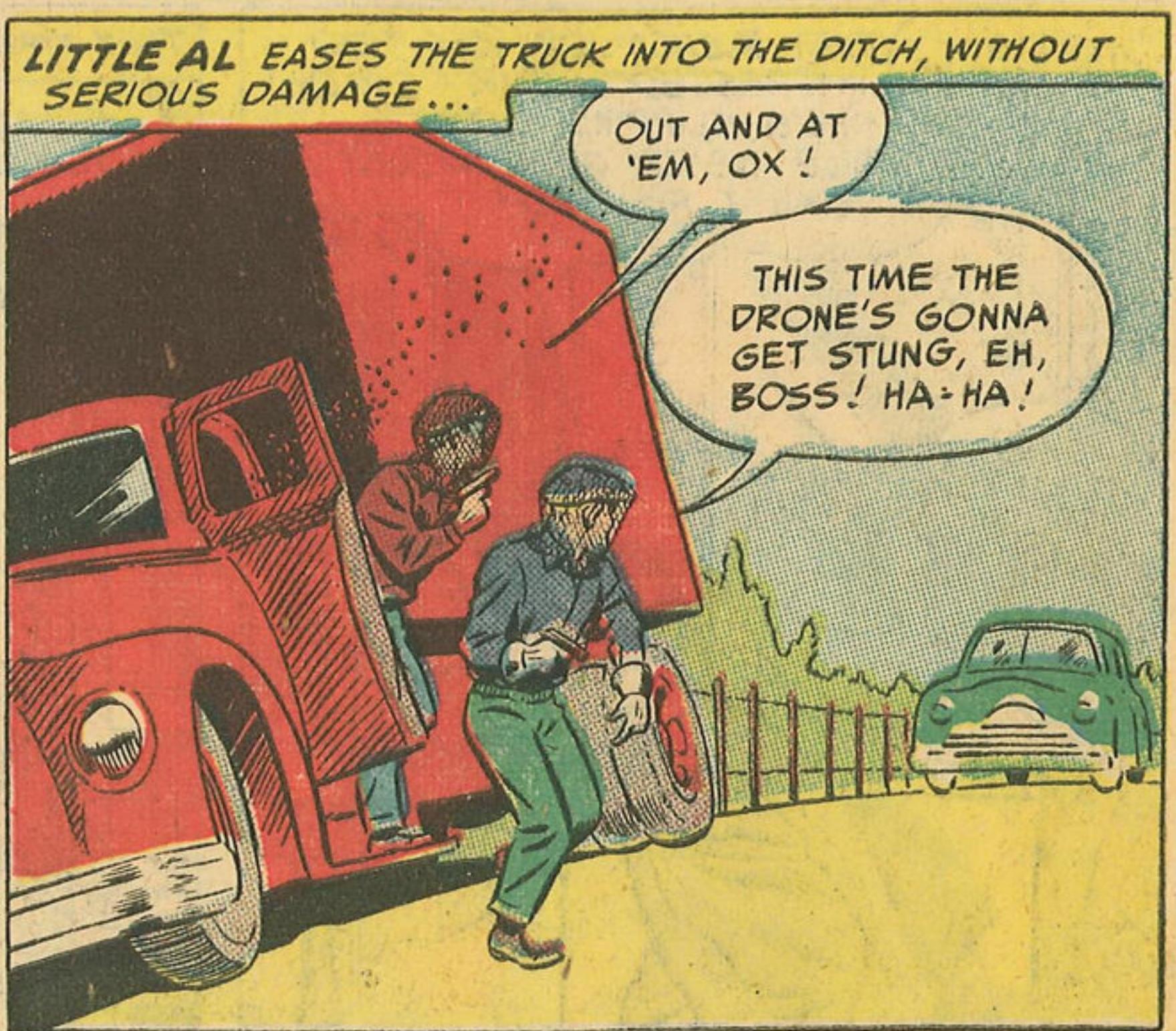
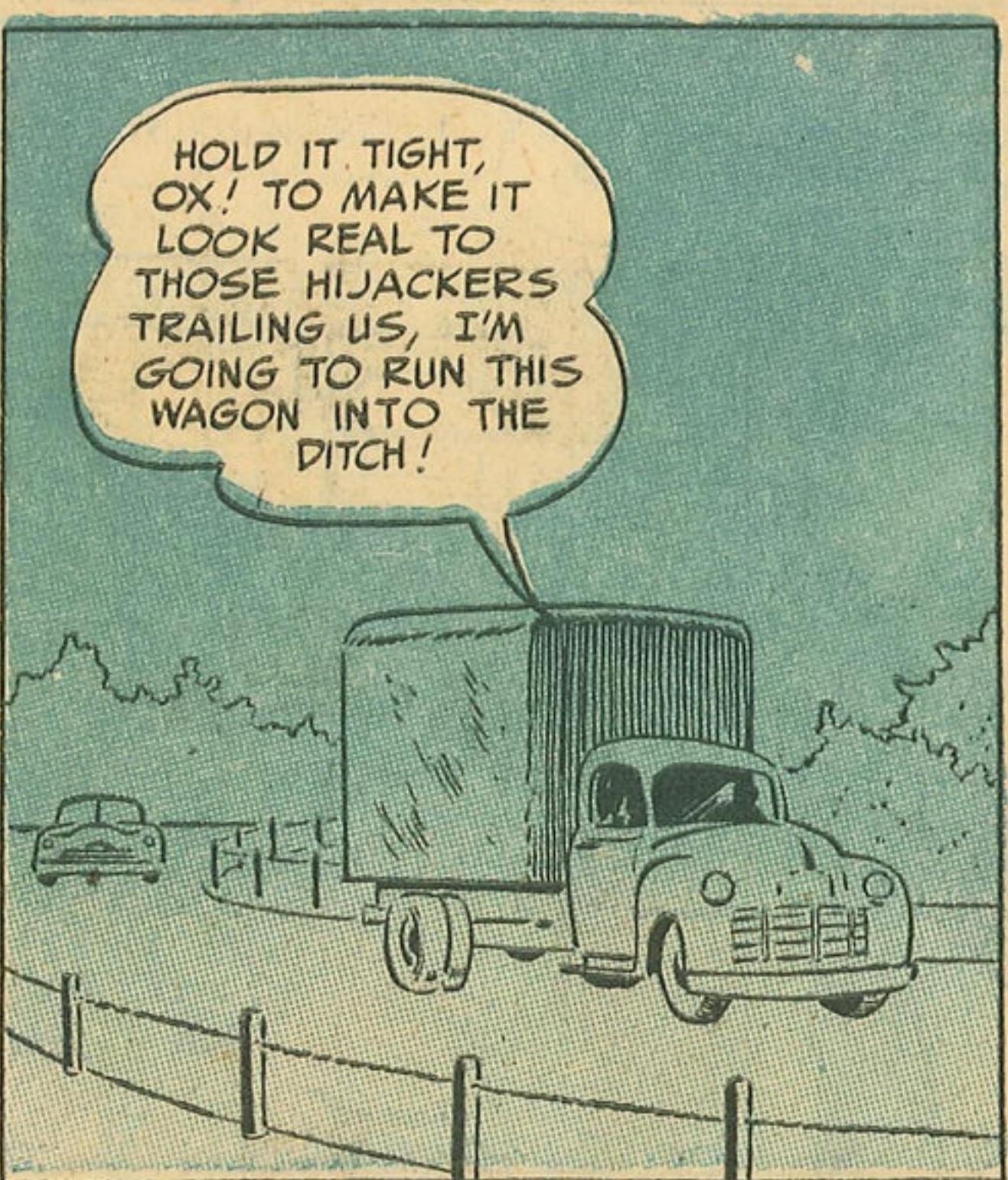
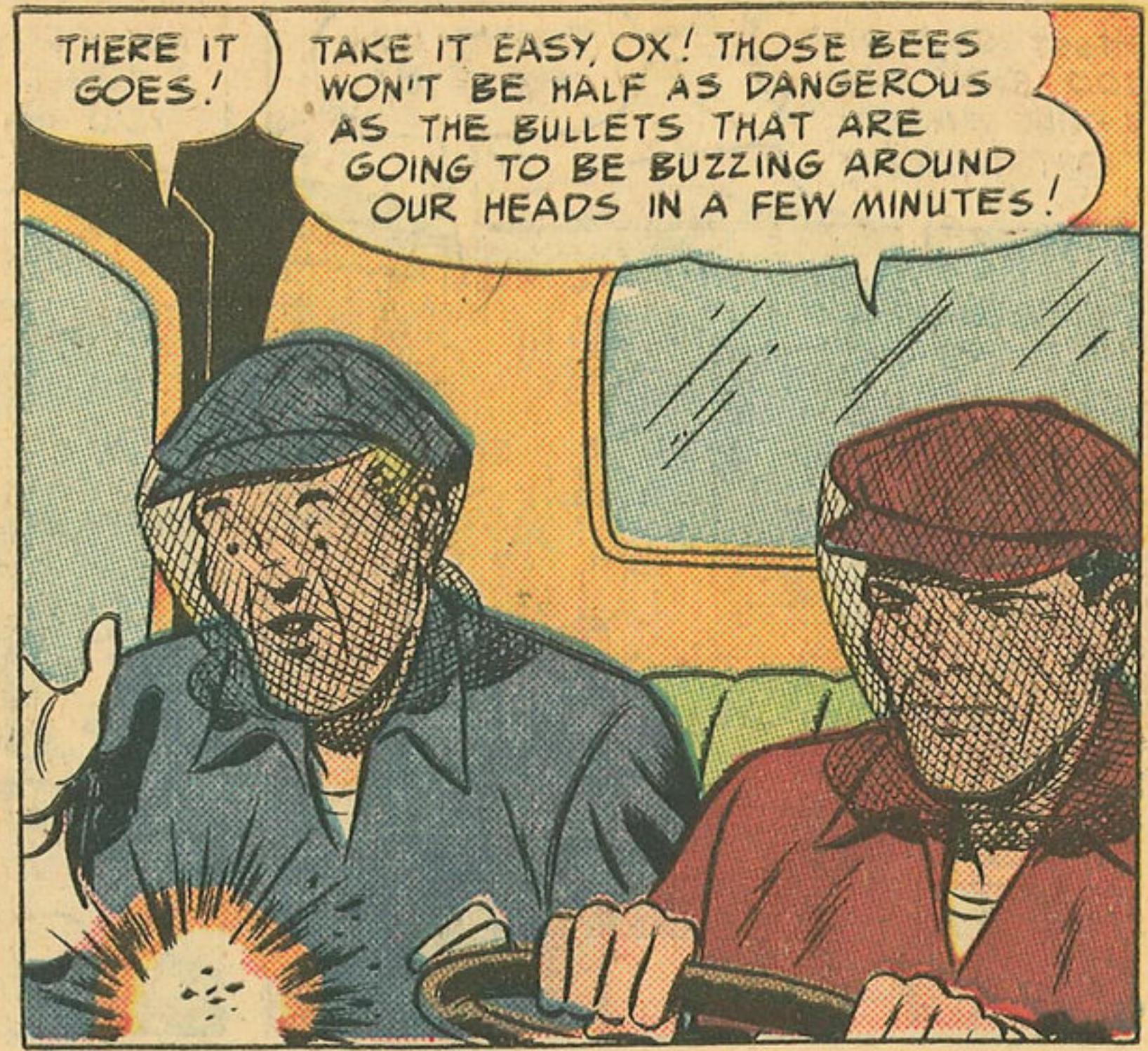
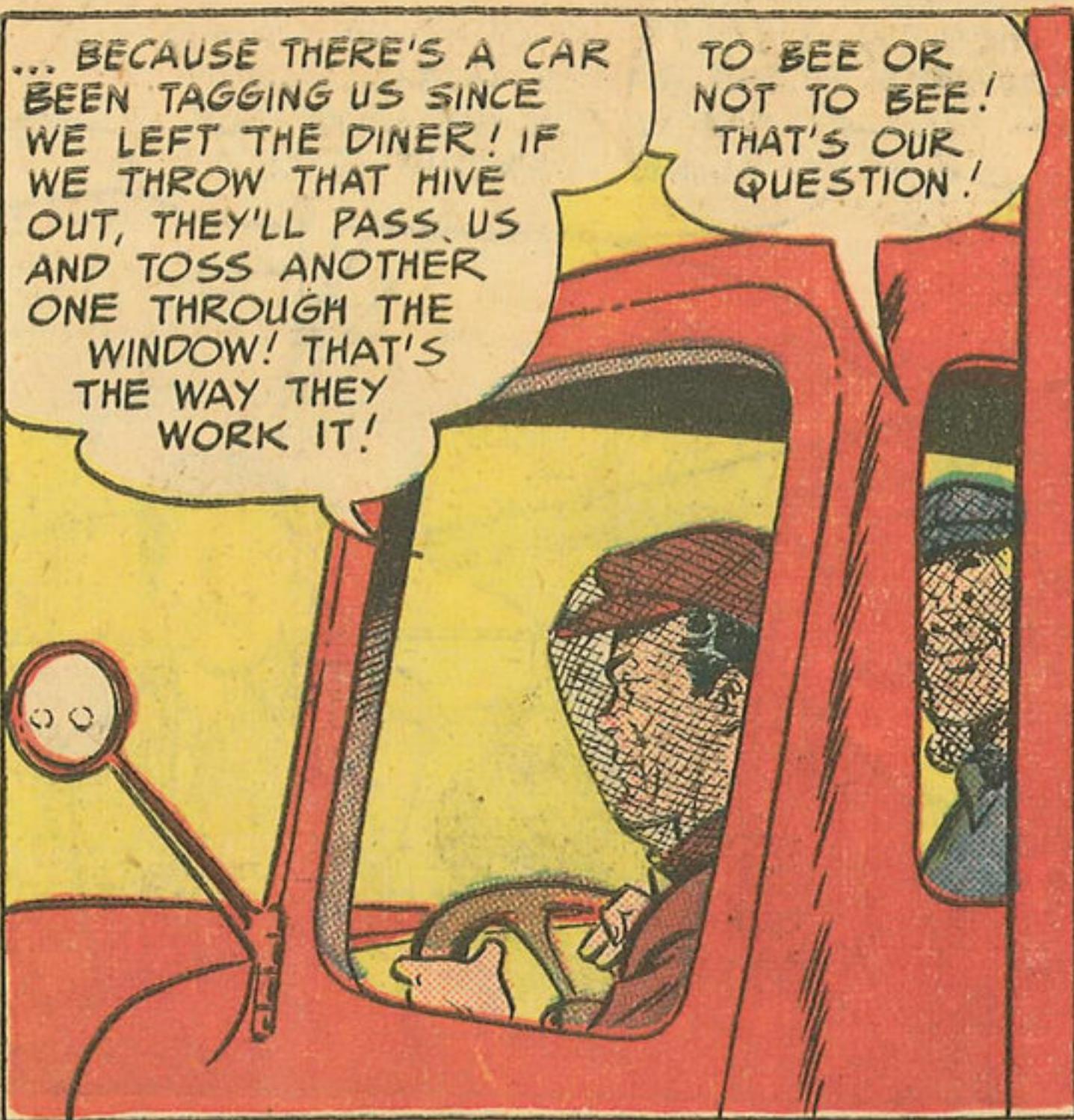


LET'S GRAB OFF SOME COFFEE, OX!

BEST IDEA YOU'VE HAD SINCE WE LEFT THE TERMINAL A COUPLE OF HOURS AGO!





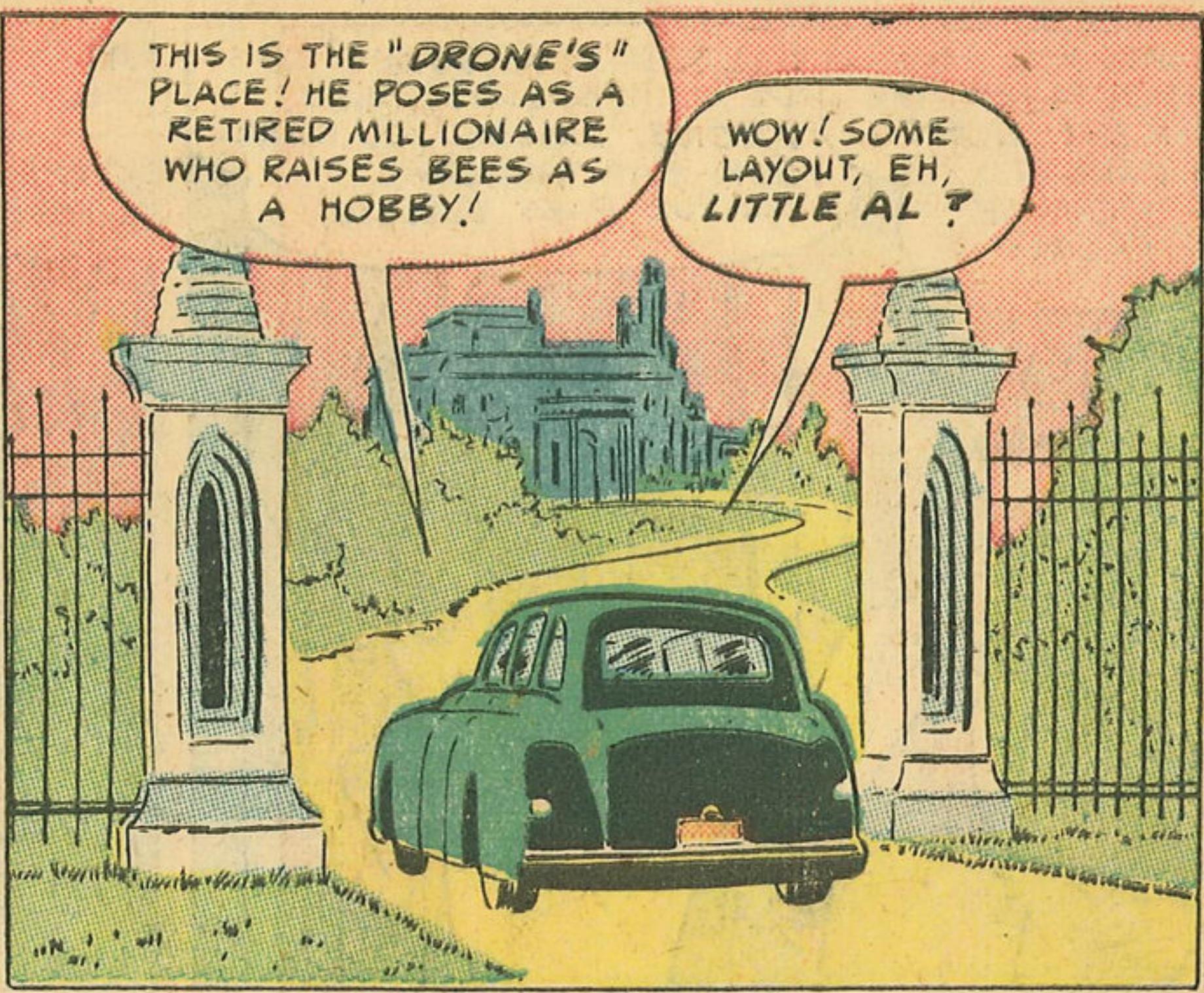


PSSST, OX! THAT WAS TOO EASY. THEY'RE TAKING US INTO A TRAP BUT WE'LL RIDE ALONG AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

THE "DRONE'S" PLACE IS ONLY A FEW MILES DOWN THIS ROAD!

THIS IS THE "DRONE'S" PLACE! HE POSES AS A RETIRED MILLIONAIRE WHO RAISES BEES AS A HOBBY!

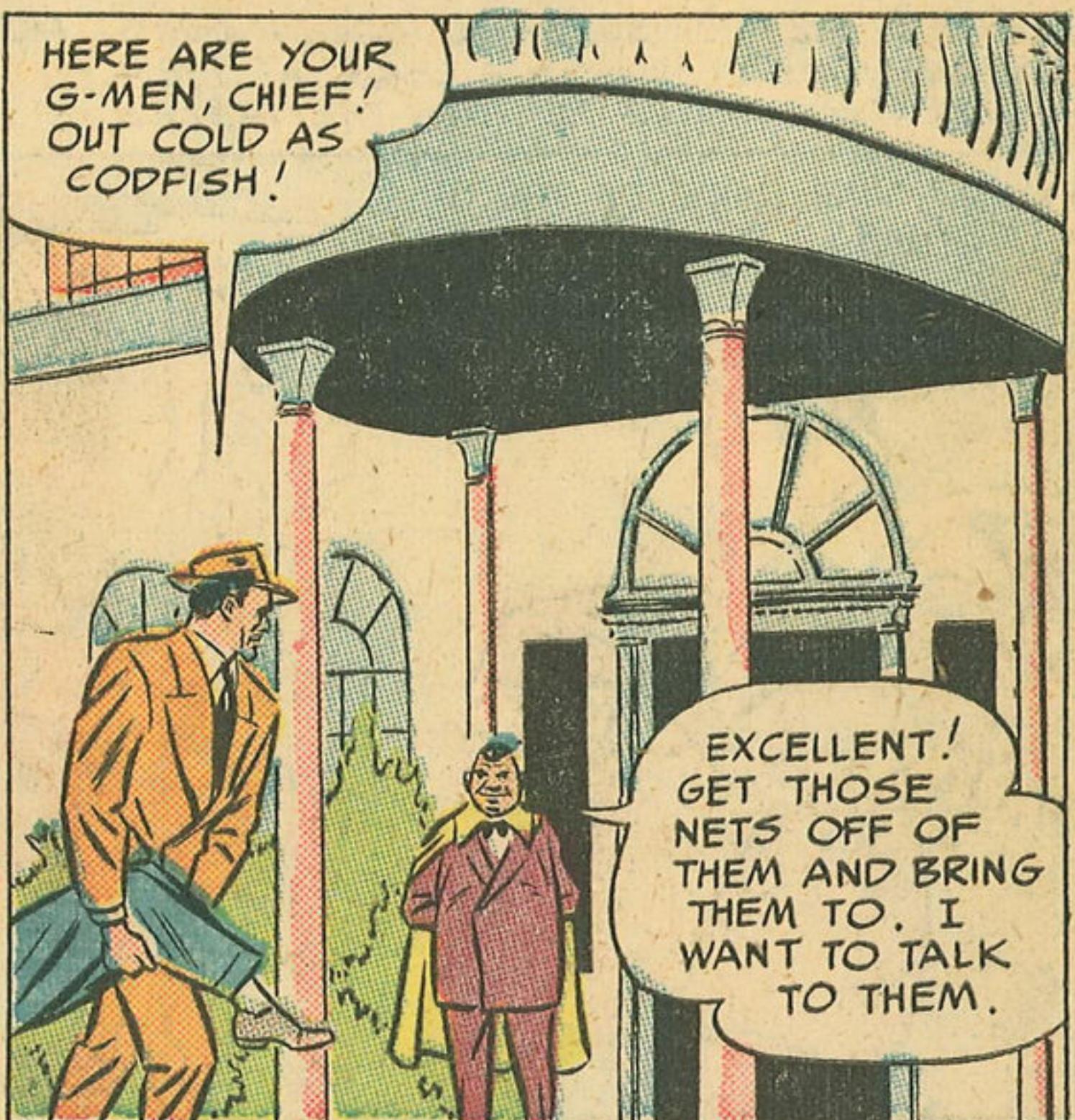
WOW! SOME LAYOUT, EH, LITTLE AL?



INSIDE THE ESTATE, AS THE CAR REACHES A HUGE MANSION, IT BRAKES TO A JARRING HALT, THROWING THE F.B.I. MEN TO THE FLOOR HELPLESS...



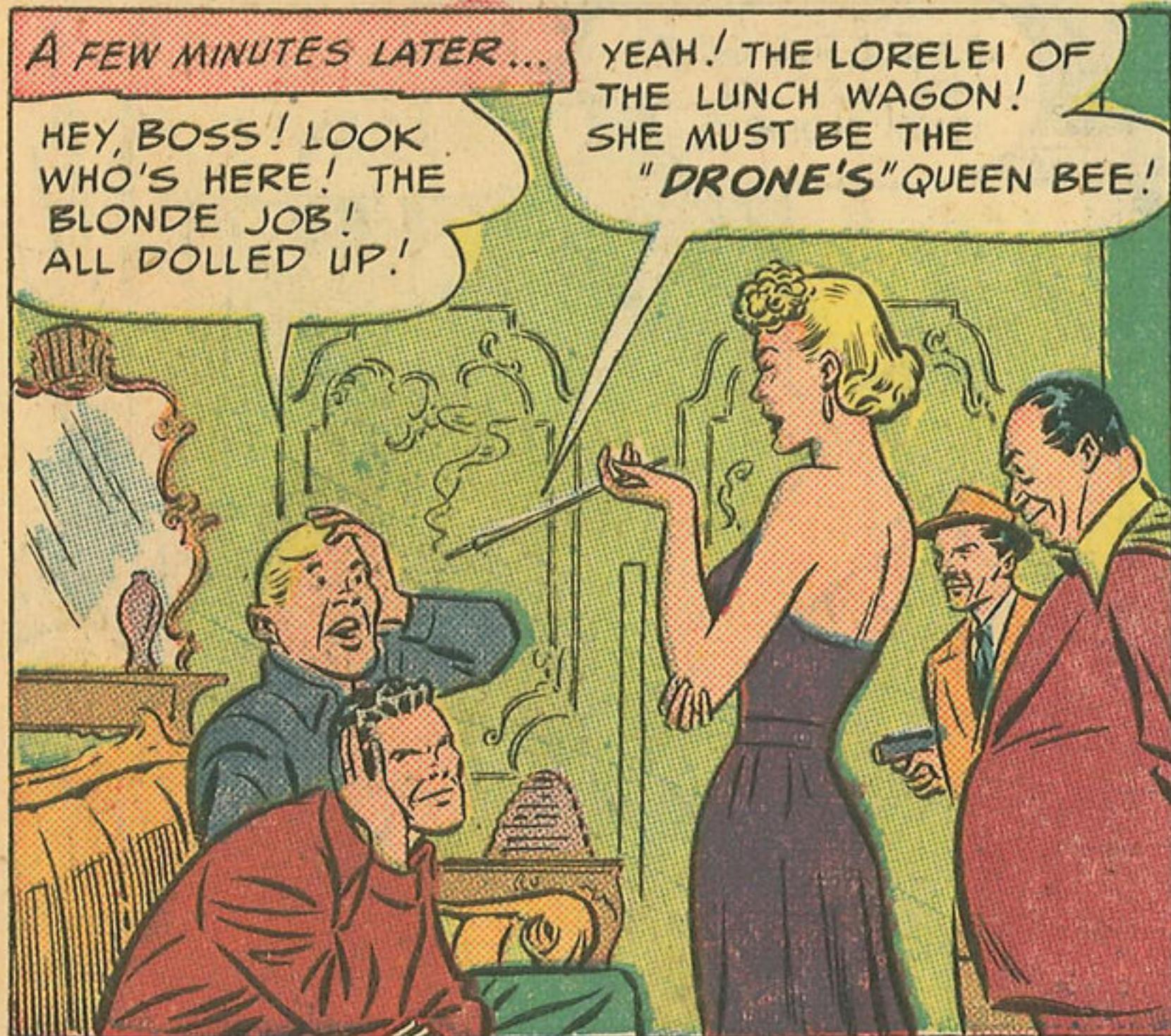
HERE ARE YOUR G-MEN, CHIEF! OUT COLD AS CODFISH!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY, BOSS! LOOK WHO'S HERE! THE BLONDE JOB! ALL DOLLED UP!

YEAH! THE LORELEI OF THE LUNCH WAGON! SHE MUST BE THE "DRONE'S" QUEEN BEE!

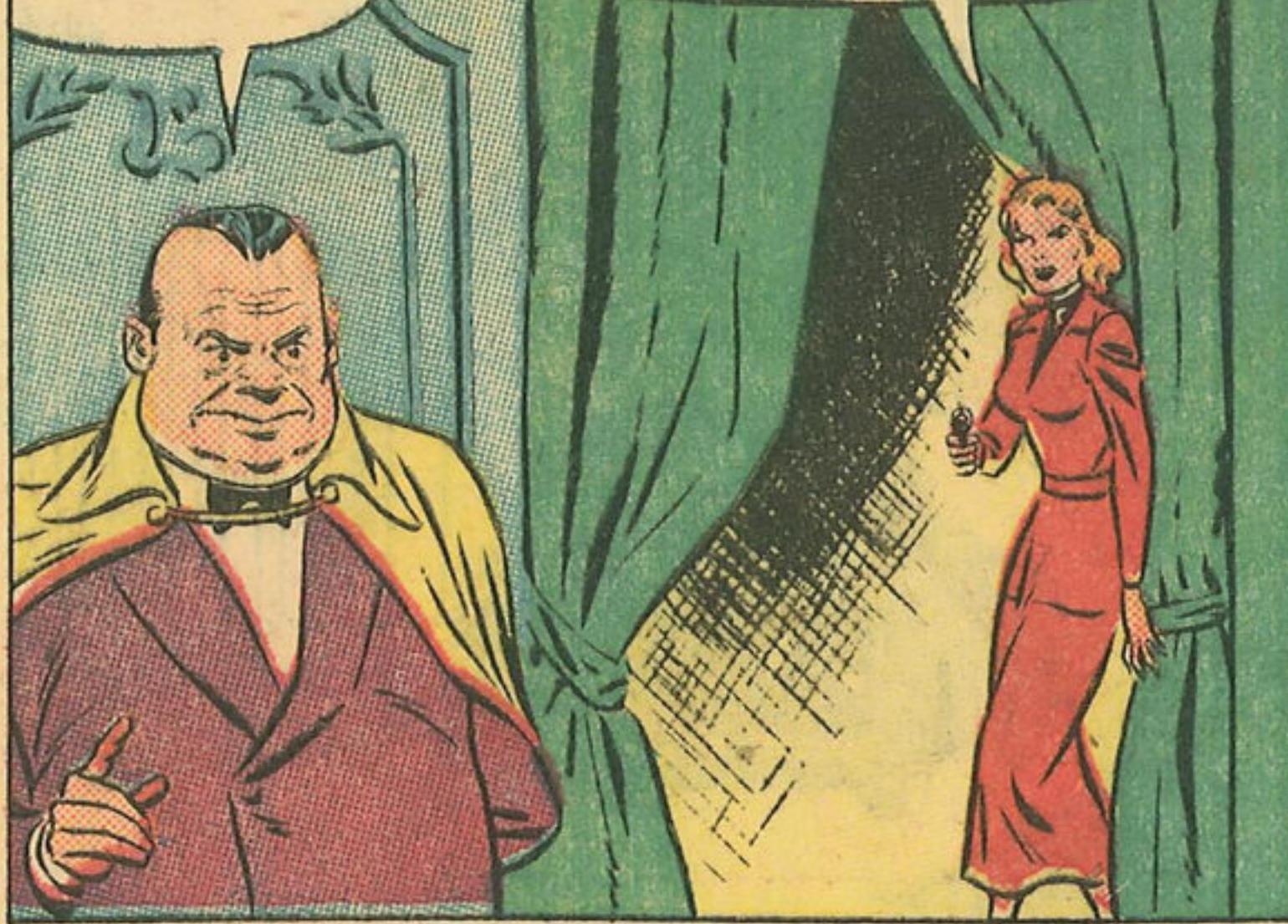


YES. LURA SPOTTED YOU THE INSTANT YOU ENTERED THE DINER, BUT SHE PLANTED THE BOMB-HIVE, AND CALLED ME. I DECIDED TO TRAP YOU. I'M READY TO QUIT THE HIJACKING RACKET ANYHOW, WITH NEARLY A MILLION CLEAR PROFIT. YOU TWO ARE GOING TO INSURE MY GETAWAY!



WITH YOU AS HOSTAGES, THE F.B.I. WON'T DARE TO STOP ME FROM...

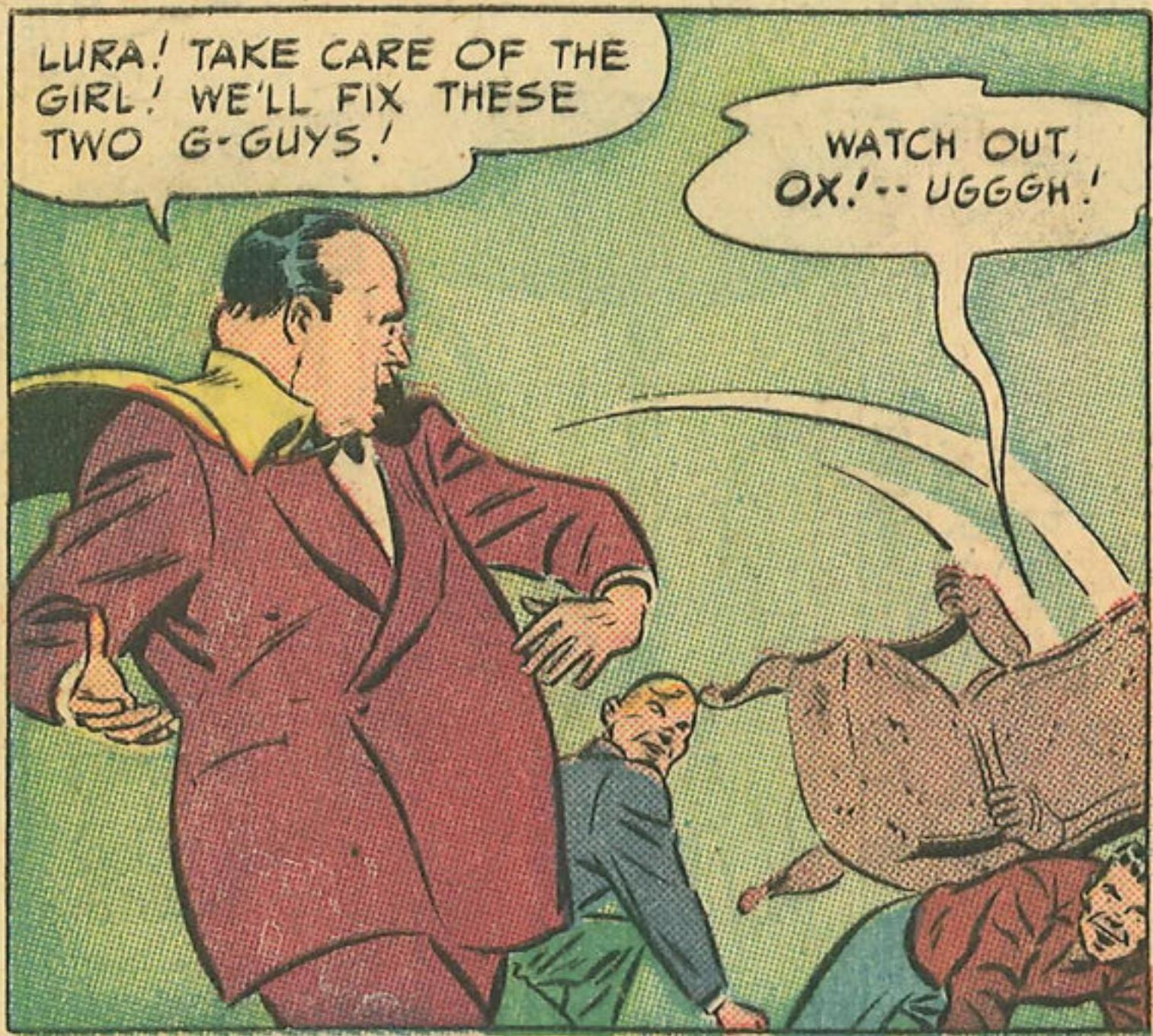
TELL YOUR PLUG-UGLIES TO DROP THEIR GUNS, "MR. DRONE," UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR BAY WINDOW PUNCTURED BY BULLETS!



AS THE F.B.I. MEN STOOP TO PICK UP GUNS "THE DRONE" SWIFTLY SLINGS A CHAIR AT THEM, DESPERATELY TRYING TO TURN THE TABLES...

LURA! TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL! WE'LL FIX THESE TWO G-GUYS!

WATCH OUT, OX!-- UGGGH!



AT 'THE DRONE'S' ORDERS, HIS HENCHMEN DROP THEIR WEAPONS...

SINCE YOUR JOB KEEPS YOU TOO BUSY TO SEE ME, LITTLE AL, I FIGURED MY BEST BET WOULD BE TO JOIN YOU AT YOUR WORK. I FOLLOWED YOU AND OX IN MY CAR. WHEN I SPOTTED THIS GANG IN THEIR CAR, ON YOUR TRAIL, I DROPPED BEHIND THEM. MAD AT ME, LITTLE AL?

HONEY, I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!



WHILE THE GUN FIGHT RAGES BETWEEN THE MEN...

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, SISTER! THINGS COULD BE WORSE--AND WILL BE!



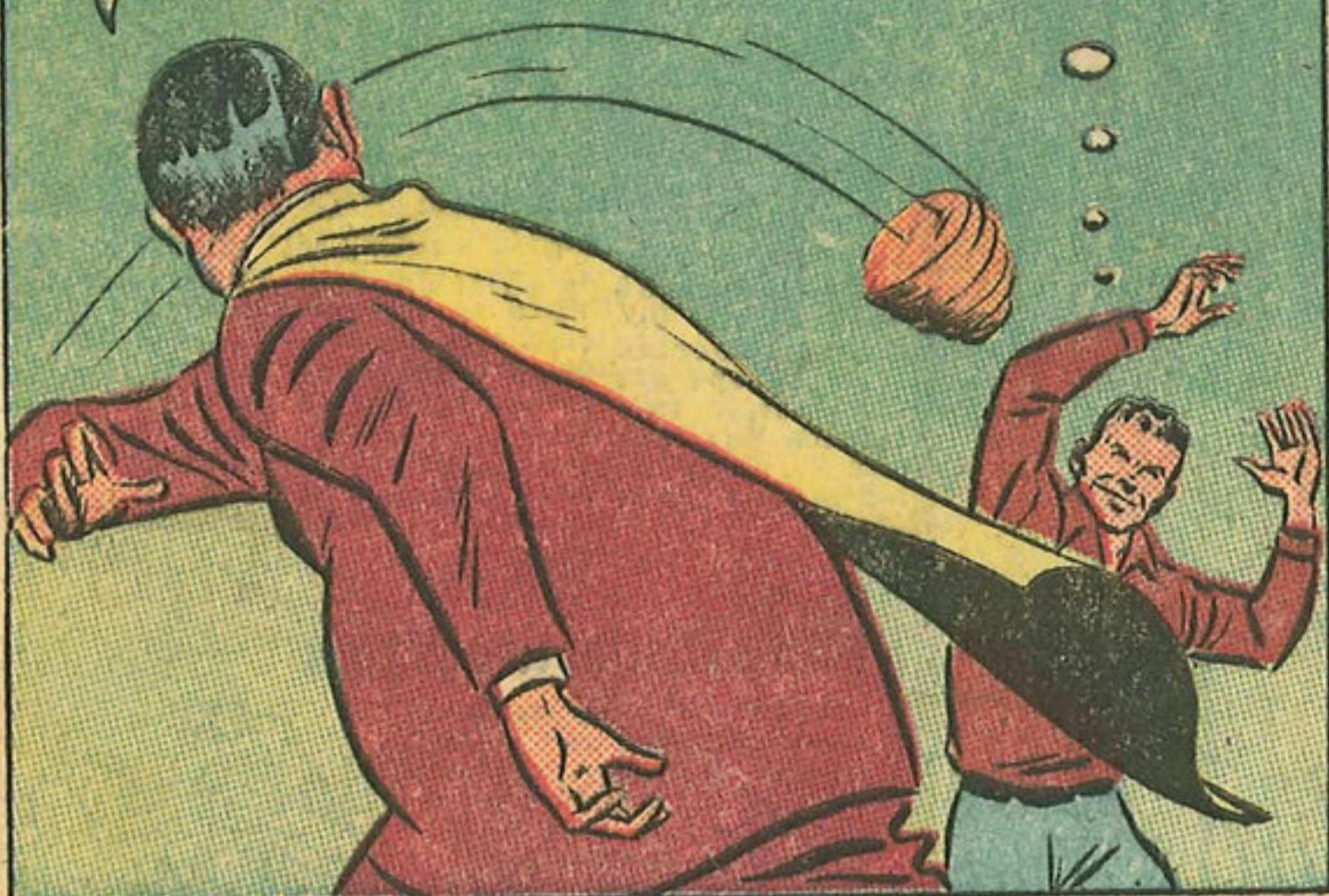
I'VE STILL GOT AN ACE IN THE HOLE!

WATCH IT, OX! HE'S UP TO SOMETHING!



WORKING BEES ALWAYS
HELP "THE DRONE"
AND THIS TIME YOU
WON'T BE PROTECTED
AGAINST THEIR
STINGS!

HE MUST SELL
THIS HONEY AS
A SIDELINE.
I WONDER...



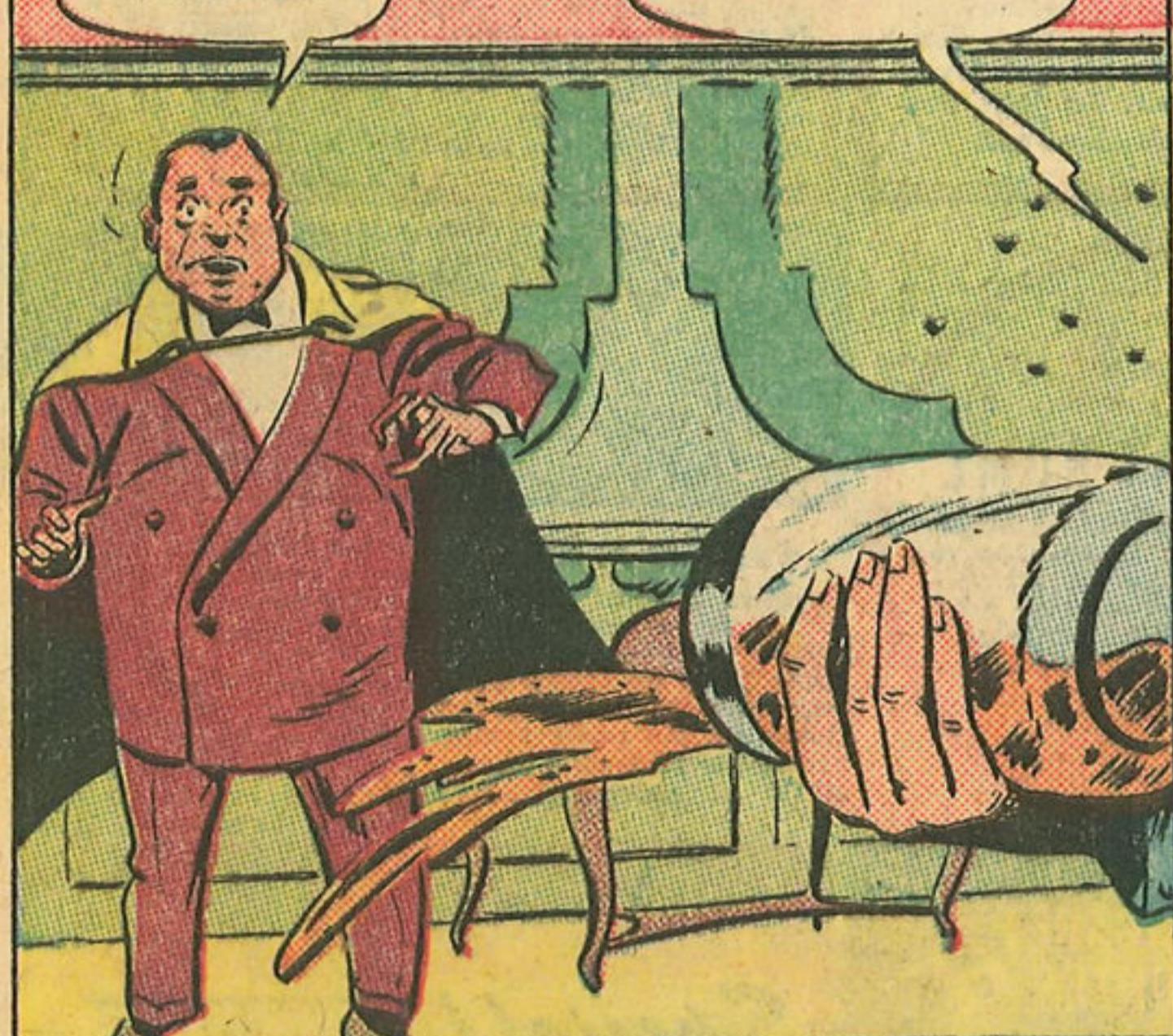
BEES, BOSS! MILLIONS
OF 'EM! WE -
WE'RE LICKED!

NOT IF I CAN GET
THE CAP OFF OF
THIS JAR IN TIME!



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING WITH THAT
HONEY?

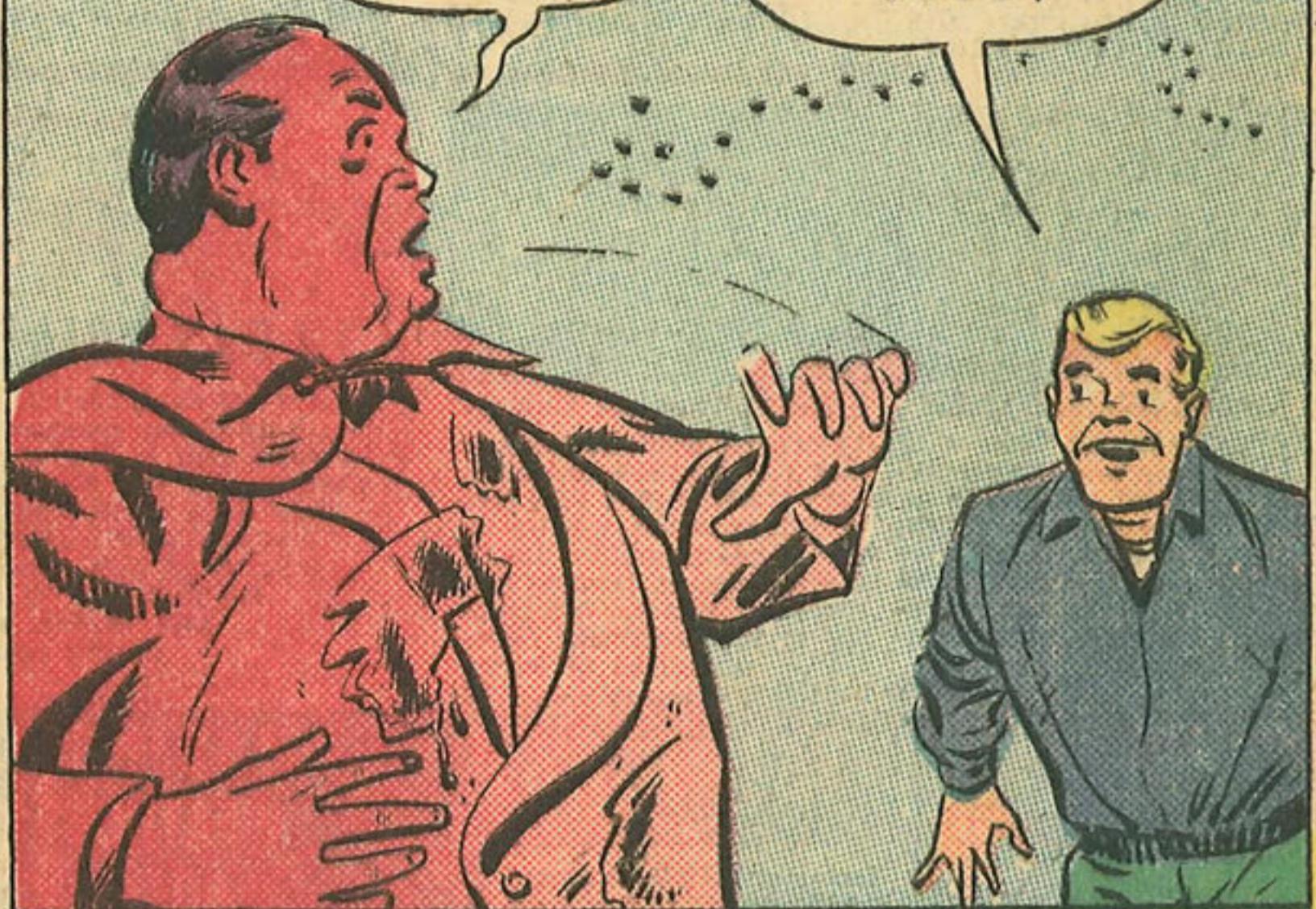
THE BEES WILL SHOW
YOU THE POINT OF
THIS TRICK!



LURED BY THE TRAIL OF HONEY, THE BEE-SWARM
SWERVES AWAY FROM OX AND LITTLE AL...

HELP!

WHEW! THAT
WAS CLOSE,
BOSS!



QUICKLY DONNING THEIR PROTECTIVE EQUIPMENT,
LITTLE AL AND OX DRIVE THE SWARM OF
BEES AWAY FROM THE HELPLESS "DRONE..."

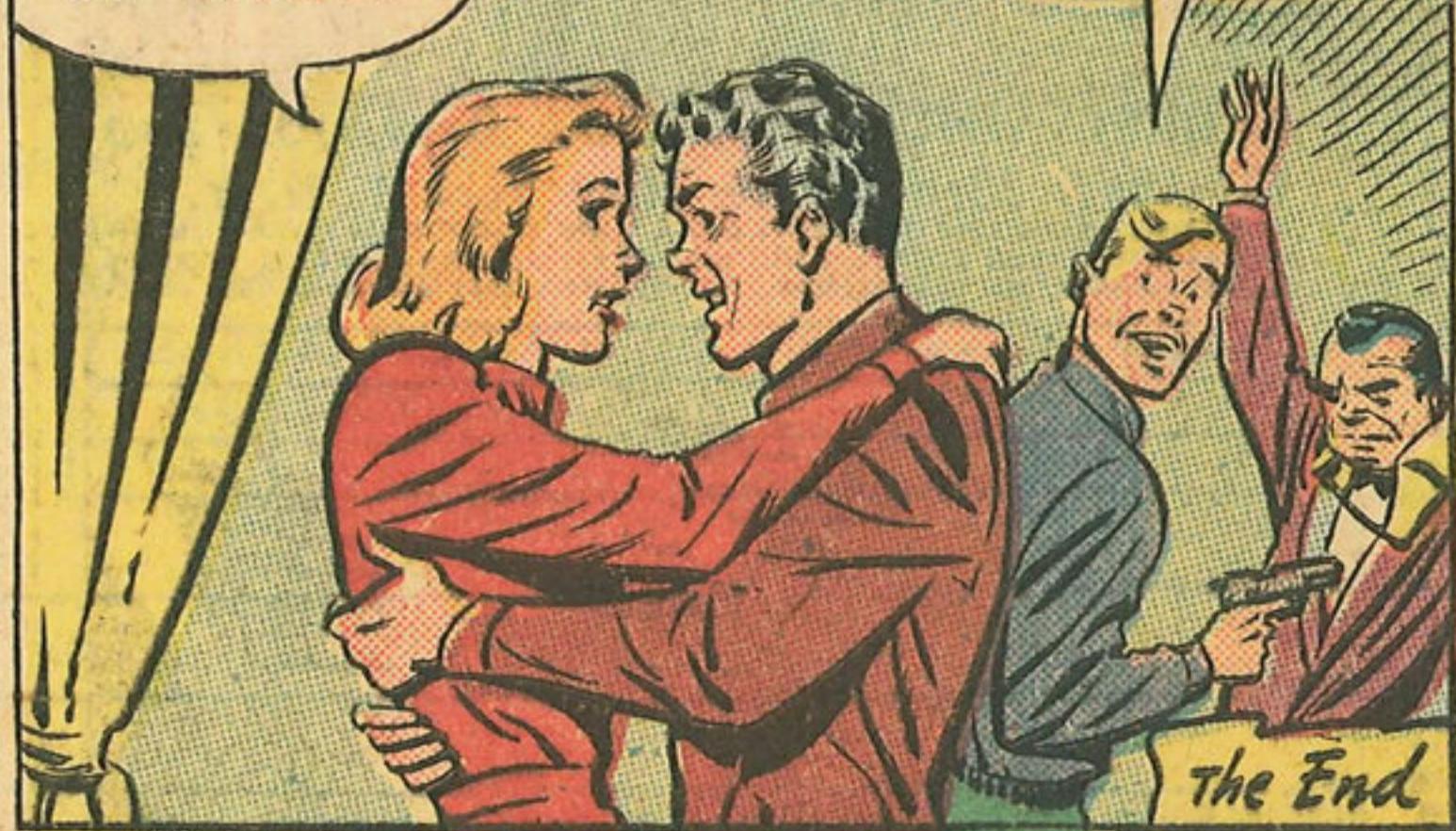


THEN AFTER LITTLE AL HAS CALLED THE LOCAL
POLICE AND HIS OWN OFFICE...

NOW THAT I'VE SHOWN
YOU BIG, BAD G-MEN
HOW TO DO YOUR
JOB, I EXPECT TO BE
REWarded WITH A
SOLID WEEK
OF DATES!

THAT'S A DEAL,
HONEY!

PLEASE, BOSS,
DON'T USE
THAT WORD!



The End

WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU MONEY!

YOUR MONEY BACK QUICK IF YOU CAN BUY FOR LESS ELSEWHERE



The Champion
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Royal Peacock 15 Rhinestones in blazing rainbow hues: Ruby-red, Emerald-green, Sapphire-blue and Diamond-white colors. Exquisitely designed, so dainty! 1.98

"ETERNAL LOVE"

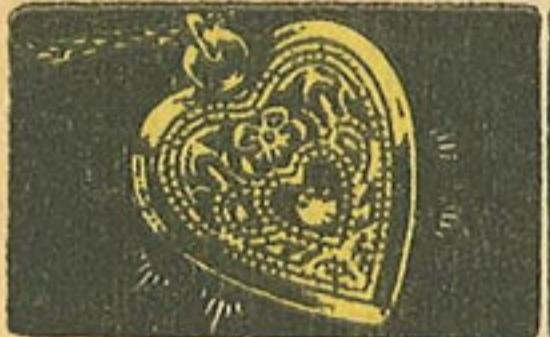
Engagement and Wedding Ring Set



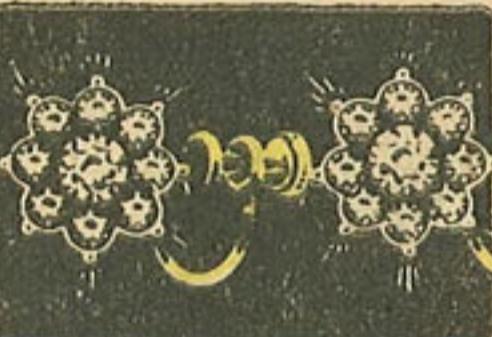
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Your own INITIAL in Raised Gold color effect firmly set on a BLOOD-RED stone. Flanked by 2 sparkling pseudo DIAMONDS imported from Europe. Ring made in 14 Karat Rolled Gold plate, very fashionably designed, rich in appearance.

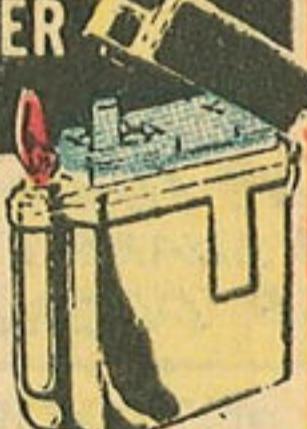
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7.97

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ADDRESS _____

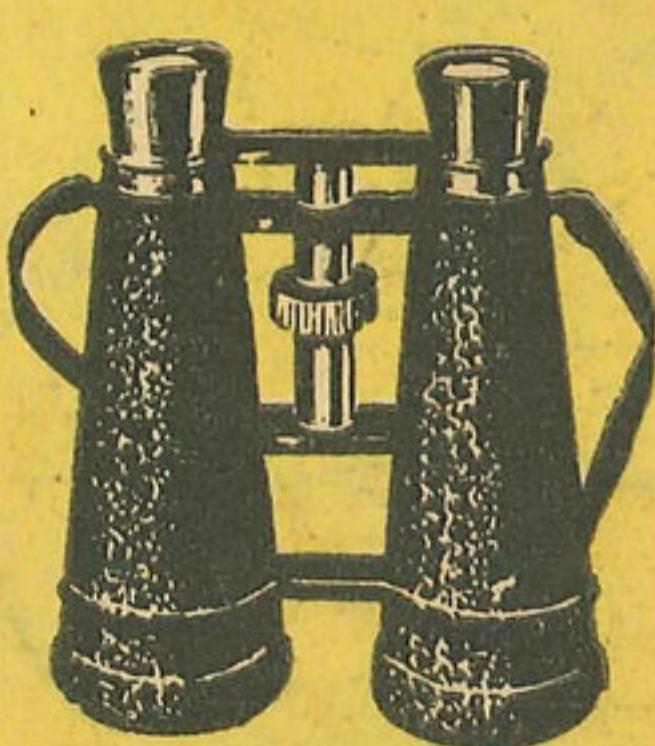
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PLEASE send ring sizes on thin strip of paper wrapped around finger.

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Learn to play in a day or it costs you nothing! We make this daring offer to every man or woman, boy or girl who enjoys music and who would like to play the harmonica. Now, for the first time, you can get a nationally advertised, genuine metal professional harmonica, and receive as a gift Hoppy's new method for playing it. Along with the music and the words to 200 of your favorite songs—songs that were selected so that you can sing and play right along with your favorite radio program or records. Expert harmonica players will tell you that the best harmonicas are the easiest ones to play. The harmonica you receive in this amazing offer is the full size metal professional model manufactured by the WM. KRATT CO., makers of the world's finest harmonicas. It comes in the Key of C so that you can accompany any other music. Each metal reed is individually tuned and tested. You cannot buy a harmonica with finer workmanship, no matter how much you pay. Hoppy's new discovery for showing you how to play makes it as simple as ABC and it's lots of fun. Anyone who can whistle or hum a tune—and count up to ten can learn so quickly that it is unbelievable! Most people say that this amazing method itself is worth the \$1.69 price of the harmonica! Order your harmonica now while this introductory offer is being made. Remember, Hoppy guarantees that you will soon be playing song hits of all kinds or your money back!

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IT'S EASY TO PLAY, AND YOU GET THIS FINE, FULL SIZE HARMONICA, HOPPY'S NEW METHOD OF INSTRUCTION, AND WORDS AND MUSIC OF 200 SONGS, - ALL FOR ONLY \$1.69



ONLY \$1.69 FOR
ALL THAT? BOY, I'M
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Rush my genuine Key of C Professional Wm. Kratt Metal Harmonica and Hoppy's Complete Book of Instructions along with the music and words of 200 songs to me at once. On arrival I will deposit just \$1.69 plus postage. If in 7 days I am not thrilled and delighted I may return purchase for my money back.

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